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AT SEVEN.

I take up a little cambric dress
Trimm'd with ruffles and edg'd with lace,
And a dainty cap with a cobweb frill,
But where is the baby face?

And here is a pretty petticoat,
Embroider'd flannel, scarcely worn,
And a blue worsted sacque, that aunty knit,
But where has the baby gone?

There's a big, rough boy in corduroy pants,
With blue eyes all ready to wink,
And a patch of dirt on his dimpled chin,
A study in India ink.

His strong young arms are around my neck,
He kisses mamma with a will—
And I lay down my dainty things and smile.

SOLD SOULS.

Rev. Peter Lillingston was exceedingly popular among his parishoners. And deservedly so. Had he not, at his own expense, reseated the church, laid down the most elegant tile floor, kept the parish supplied for years in all the newest designs in altar cloths, and generally done everything that the most model rector could do?

But he had one fault, though his parishioners did not perceive it. He was ready to sell his soul, or anything else that he possessed or did not possess, for one particular object.

Souls (so spelt) are not, generally speaking, marketable commodities. Much misapprehension is shown on this point. It is true that Faust had an opportunity of regaining his youth at the price of his soul, and he not unnaturally accepted the offer; but I believe I am justified in stating that his is the only recorded case of a man obtaining valuable consideration for that article. Yet in all ages there have been numbers of men who, overlooking the fact that their souls are of value only to themselves, have offered them for sale. Some have been ready to sell them for gold; some for love; others for fame.

Rev. Peter Lillingston followed a different line. He was ready to sell his soul for what he considered religion. He delayed sending his boys to school from year to year that he might restore the parish church; he kept his house as comfortless as a jail that he might gild and decorate the chancel; he starved his children to buy altar cloths.

He was blessed with a small income and a charming wife, who was considerably his junior, for whom he had provided in case of his decease by insuring his life. His wife although not by any means averse to divine worship, did not agree with an entire sacrifice of home duties to parish popularity; but the rector never hesitated to sacrifice any of her comforts to his darling church. With him charity began and ended abroad.

For instance, Mrs. Lillington was devoted to music, and while permitting her zealous husband to sell the dining room furniture to endow the "Burglar Sunday Evening Society" with an exhaustive library, and to melt down the family silver to make offertory plates, she had always managed to retain a beautiful grand piano, which had been given her before her marriage, the strings of which had metaphorically wound themselves around her heart. One day, however, on returning from a week's visit to her relations, she found her piano gone, and in answer to her tearful inquiries she was informed that it had been sacrificed to a worthy object. A few months later her husband proudly showed her what he was pleased to call the "Lillington Vestry," which had been built with the proceeds of her worldly instrument, and was warmed with a gas stove which Mrs. Lillington had [illegible] purchased for the nursery.

From this instance of the many acts of fanaticism committed by Rev. Lillington it will be understood that his parish popularity increased in inverse proportion to the strength of his family affections. One result to the children of their father's idiosyncrasies was that they grew up to be practically atheists. They understood at a very early age that all their comforts and joys were sacrificed to the parish, and this started them in life with a prejudice against religion: and when, as they grew older, they saw all their innocent pleasures frustrated by the illimitable claims of mother church, their aversion to that institution became unconquerable.

It was well known about two years ago that the rectory drains were sadly out of order. But the leaders of the local board, being for the most part church wardens, were not so indelicate as to allow their pastor to be troubled about such worldly matters, knowing, as they did, that so long as the church was dry and clean, the rector would care little though his own house stood in a swamp.

But something less exorable than sanitary inspectors brought the matter to light. Disease is no respecter of persons. Mrs Lillingston's youngest child—a baby of three years—sickened, and the doctor who was at length called in declared a month at the seaside to be absolutely necessary.

This news was great trouble to the rector. He had his eye just then upon a new thing in lecterns—a magnificent design in polished brass of an impossible bird standing on one claw, and holding a kind of exaggerated shepherd's crook in the other, while it balanced the enormous book on its back as if it was performing on a tightrope. This little article was priced at about £80, and it became a question between the lectern on one side and the month at the sea on the other.

A terrible conflict ensued in the reverend gentleman's mind. He thought the matter over for nearly three weeks, which his wife spent in incessant watching by the sick child's bed.

One night he dreamt he saw the brass bird fighting with the child, thrusting the crook down the baby's throat, and finally crushing it under the Bible. He awoke in a fright with the resolve that the child should go to the sea that very day, and hastened to his wife to tell her of his decision. He peeped in and saw her kneeling at the bedside. It was in the early morning, and a ray of cold gray light fell on the white baby face upon the pillow. He had delayed too long. The child was dead.

Sorrow never comes singly. For the next three weeks Mrs. Lillingston, who had fallen ill on the day of her child's decease, lay on the brink of death in a raging fever. Then at last the clergyman began to feel the stings of remorse as he watched by his delirious wife's bedside night after night; for he was really fond of her, though his love had been swallowed up in his one absorbing passion. The new lectern was ordered—though not paid for—so that could not be helped. But he determined never again to spend his private money to gratify his parishioners.

The crisis passed, and gradually Mrs. Lillingston recovered, till, after three months at the seaside, she was almost herself again. Gradually, too, her husband began to forget his good resolutions, and feel once more a hankering after albs and stoles and stained-glass windows. But first there was the lectern debt to be got rid of. The money that was to have been paid for it had all been spent on Mrs. Lillingston's illness.

About five years previously the rector had surprised and delighted the parish by presenting the church with a magnificent peal of five bells. Nobody knew where he had got the money from, and nobody cared except Mrs. Lillingston. When she inquired about it she was told not to interfere. This beneficent gift had gained the rector enormous kudos.

When Rev. and Mrs. Lullington returned from the seaside after Mrs. Lullington's illness, it was found that the large bell had got somehow shifted and could not be rung. It was suggested by certain evil-minded persons that some one who lived near the church, feeling that their brains were being drummed away by the continual pealing the whole of every Sunday, as well as Tuesdays and Fridays, and every saint's day, had induced some hireling to ascend the tower at night and disable one of the bells.

Be that as it may, the bell had got wrong, and it remained to put it right. But before sending for men to do it, the rector took upon himself to ascend the tower and examine it, late one afternoon and all alone. The staircase began in the most respectable way. There were nice square stone steps for a little distance, and up went the reverend though corpulent gentleman as merrily as could be. But after it had wound twice around it became perfectly dark for a while, and, as one of the steps seemed to have worn quite away, the rector came down with his knees on one step and his forehead on another in the most undignified manner imaginable.

After this he proceeded more cautiously. The stone steps came to an end, and were succeeded by wooden stairs, worm-eaten and crumbling away. Up he went, past the great clock that ticked so loudly that it seemed as if it was shouting to warn him to go no higher, till he came to a shaky ladder which led up to the belfry. This ladder wanted mending sadly. Several of the rungs had fallen out, and consequently the rector had to stretch his legs considerably to step from one to the other. However, he reached the top in safety, although feeling rather nervous, for he had not been in the belfry for many years, and it seemed somewhat alarming. There was a strong wind blowing, and the wooden shutters rattled and the bell axles creaked as if they were living things. The longer he stayed the more frightened he felt, and the less inclined to commence the downward journey. He looked through the narrow shutters and wished he was back in the house, which he saw below, with the children playing in the garden. It is a far more difficult thing to climb down than to climb up; and this is unfortunate, for whereas an ascent is generally voluntary, one often has no choice whether to descend or no. This is what struck the rector as he looked down the ladder; and the more he looked at it the more dangerous it seemed.

Suddenly the weathercock whirled round with a shriek so close to his ear that he started and turned round in a hurry to retreat. The first step of the ladder was a very long one, for the two top rungs were out. There was no rail to hang on to. He clutched hold of a bell wheel to steady himself, and it swung round and terrified him by making the bell speak with a jarring sound. Then he knelt on the dusty floor, and sent one of his legs down to reconnoiter. It had been vaguely wandering about for some time, feeling for the ladder, when a bat in the roof started off for its evening exercise, and brought down a lump of plaster on to the rector's head. At this most critical moment he started violently, lost his balance, and went crashing down, through the lath and plaster floor of the clock story—down to the bottom of the tower. In his fall he caught hold of a bell rope, and the bell answered with a tremendous clang. Is was his death knell.

The sexton, who was in the churchyard, hearing the bell ring and the thud of the body on the floor rushed into the church, and found the rector in a dying condition. He was carried to the house, and expired within an hour. As he lay dying, he was just able to speak to his wife.

"Mary, I have been very, very wicked to you—I leave you in great trouble—you must try and forgive me."

"I do forgive you everything. Are you thinking of the lectern that is not paid for? We shall soon pay off that debt with the insurance money, you know."

The dying man's face grew whiter than ever, and he clenched his hands convulsively.

"The policy—I sold it—five years ago—for the church bells."

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The parishioners were very sorry when they heard that the rector was dead; and still more so when they heard that his widow and five children were not only left destitute [illegible] lectern, for this news seemed unpleasantly suggestive of subscription lists. A list was indeed opened, and half the lectern debt was paid off. Then they closed their purses and felt that they had done their duty.

The present rector is particularly proud of his bells; and for the number and variety of its altar cloths and the general excellence of its decorations, the church is unsurpassed in the whole country.—[Cornhill Magazine.

A TRAMP'S CONQUEST.

TOM was hungry. That is not an alarming condition when one is in easy reach of a restaurant or the home table. But hungry, cold and not over clean, in a little Wisconsin settlement, with not a cent in one's pocket, is, to any one but a professional tramp, an embarrassing position to be in.

It was in just that position that Tom Hamilton found himself one summer morning. He, with three or four others, had been spending a couple of weeks among the famous trout streams of Wisconsin. He had made friends with two noble red men who served them as guides.

At last these pleasure-seekers separated. Tom's vacation had not quite ended, so he was to remain a little longer.

The next day he discovered that he had lost his purse. Then he had lost his hat in going over the rapids. His coat was demoralized; his boots had lost the shine that distinguished them on State street.

What few effects he had brought with him were either in the hands of the rest of the party, for they had taken charge of the luggage, or in the hands of his aboriginal brothers.

That morning his cogitations were something in this wise:

"Well, Tom Hamilton, this is a rather interesting state of things. Twenty miles from a railroad station; no money, no clean clothes, no anything.

"I do charge you, Tom Hamilton, with being a tramp, that's what you are, and now be true to your character, sir, and make a successful tramp. Perhaps, however, you had better take an account of stock; in other words, see what your resources are.

"First—Two soiled handkerchiefs, evidence of former respectability; a bit of rhyming composed and sung by our campfire, evidence of extraordinary mental power; a photograph of cousin Bessie, showing that I have known the refining influence of female friendship; a copy of Tennyson, a couple of cigars and an empty match-box.

"These are my possessions this a. m. Now, here is a little hamlet where I ought, according to poetic tradition, to find every latchstring out and every man ready to clasp me in his arms and call me brother, ready to share the last crust of bread and the last cup of coffee with me."

Tom reconnoitered a little after the fashion of a thoroughbred tramp. One woman offered to give him his breakfast in return for an hour's devotion to her wood-pile, but he fully intended to be consistent, and so he declined her offer.

He noticed a large, pleasant-looking brown farm-house, set well back from the road. The lawn in front was smooth as a floor. He noticed a flower-bed in the distance, gay with bloom. He saw the hanging-baskets in the porch, and he looked upon the place as critically as though he meditated purchasing instead of asking for a breakfast.

"This looks inviting. This house has a fine expression, for houses have expressions as well as their inmates, and there is a young lady swinging in that hammock. I know she is young, because she has on a light-blue dress, and any one not young ought to know better than to wear light blue. She also has fair hair and blue or gray eyes.

"This is a somewhat ridiculous way for a hungry man and a temporary beggar to reason, but it shows that my exposures and privations have not impaired my powerful intellect."

He tried his fate at the kitchen door.

"Sure, now, it's hungry you are, and it's something to ate ye're wanting."

"If you please."

"Then I'll be asking the mistress.

"Can't you give me something without?"

"Av coorse I could, young man, but it's Norah O'Flaherty that obeys order."

"Certainly, Norah, give him something," he heard a very sweet voice say in answer to Norah's inquiry. "What sort of a looking man is he?"

"Ah, Miss Ruth! he's a wicked-looking chap, wid the blackest eyes I ever see in a living cratur's head, and he just takes in everything at a glance. I'm afraid he's a thafe, Miss Ruth."

"Did you leave him alone?"

"Not I. Maggie is there and she'll kape her two eyes on him."

"Go and give him something to eat, and I'll come out and take a look at him. But watch him well."

In a minute or two more Tom was sitting on the back porch eating a bowl of bread and milk and blackberries. Norah had given him a seat at the kitchen table and had set forth other food, but he had taken this pastoral dish and retired to the porch.

"He may be a decent fellow after all," Norah soliloquized.

Pretty soon he saw approaching him as fair a vision as had graced his eyes for many a day. It soon materialized into a dainty little lady, apparently about 19, with a cloud of light brown hair, large, hazel eyes and a sweet, but resolute-looking little mouth. She wore a light blue morning dress, had a rose at her throat and carried a book in her hand. It was that charming little story, "One Summer."

The lady took a seat in a chair at a little distance, gave him a quick glance, in which there were sympathy and distrust mingled, the sympathy predominating, and said, "Good morning!"

"Good morning, madam!"

"Have you walked far?"

"Quite a distance."

"You look tired."

No response. Tom thought if that was the worst thing that could be said of his looks he would be thankful.

"Are you looking for work?"

"Yes, ma'am," he answered boldly.

"Do you understand farm work?"

"Some kinds."

"My father is in need of help. He is away from home for a few hours, but if you are inclined to wait till he returns I think he would give you something to do; but perhaps you were going somewhere in particular."

"No, madam, I was not, and I will be glad to wait."

The truth was Tom had fallen straight in love with the blue-robed maiden, and enjoyed the sensation; and though at this moment he would have given a half year's income for a change of raiment, he still felt grateful to the fate that had led or misled him to this spot. After he had finished his breakfast he told Ruth that if there was any little piece of work he could do till her father's return he was ready to undertake it.

Ruth didn't know; she thought there must be something, but she didn't just know what.

She tried to be very dignified and very business-like and failed completely. Finally she said that if he understood using the lawn mower he might employ himself in that way for a while.

"Papa is very particular about the lawn," she said.

He could easily believe it, for it was already as smooth as a carpet; but he began his work somewhat cautiously it must be confessed.

Ruth came out and gave some little directions. The wind blew her flossy hair about her face in a most bewildering fashion and heightened the color in her cheeks to actual rosiness. The sight of such loveliness set Tom's heart beating tumultuously under his not over-clean shirt.

The adventure was begining to assume [illegible] be "himself again." Having assumed a false position, he found it difficult to extricate himself.

Then he heard the piano. There was a skilled hand upon the instrument, and in a moment, floating from lip and finger, arose exquisite strains from "Norma." Tom resigned his position as amateur gardener and threw himself down under a tree to listen.

Then followed a brilliant rendering of parts of "Fra Diavolo," then an aria from "Don Giovanni." This she commenced, proceeded with a certain distance, hesitated, tried again, stopped; again and again was this repeated.

Tom had several good gifts; he was a good musician and could whistle beautifully. There was something positively exquisite in it—low and tender and sweet, or clear and strong, as the spirit of the music bird.

He thought: "I am not presentable in your parlor, but I think I can help you, if I am a tramp." So he commenced the aria she failed upon—that sweetest of all arias—"La ci darem."

The melody, with all its tender, soft earnestness, its slow, swimming tones of passionate languor, fell upon her ear. She tried again; this time he, from his position under the tree, accompanied the piano. Again she faltered at the same place, stopped, while he carried it through to the end.

Then he saw Miss Ruth on the porch, and her sweet voice reached him, in these words, gentle and courteous, and yet with just the slightest touch of authority:

"I wish you would come here a moment."

Tom walked slowly toward her.

"I wish you would whistle that passage again, where I failed, you remember. I haven't the music. I tried to play it from memory," she half explained. "And you whistle it with wonderful accuracy, and wonderful precision, too."

Tom colored with pleasure through the musquito blotches that adorned his face.

He raised his hat and said: "I will stand outside and accompany you; or, if you will grant me the pleasure, I will play it for you."

Miss Ruth lifted her hands in astonishment and replied:

"I have seen some curious people in my life, but I don't know as I ever saw a—a—tramp who understood opera music. No! certainly not in this region of the country."

"Miss Ruth," Tom said, "you know the poet says 'things are not what they seem.' I am a living illustration of the truth of that statement. I am not what I seem, but I don't know as I can prove that to you. However, such credentials as I have I lay at your feet," and Tom solemnly took from his pocket his two soiled handkerchiefs, the picture of his cousin Bessie, his copy of Tennyson, the two cigars and the empty match-box, and also the fragment of rhyming.

"My name is Thomas de Quincy Hamilton. I live and practice law in Chicago, as did my father before me. I have wandered like a lost sheep for a day and night in the woods near here, in consequence of an injudicious love of nature and an unwise reliance upon the red man's word."

He handed her the copy of Tennyson and the picture. She glanced at the first, saw the name written in it, laid it down; but when she looked at the photgraph she cried out, "Bessie Granger!" and with the impulsiveness of a girl of 19 carried the picture to her lips and gave it a kiss that made Tom wish himself a small bit of pasteboard for a moment.

"Why, this is the picture of Bessie, my old room-mate at Vassar, and you must be her cousin Tom, of whom I've heard her talk by the hour together."

"Your penetration does you credit. I am that same cousin Tom."

Ruth held out her hands to him and said: "To think that I should have given Bessie's cousin his breakfast on the back porch and bid the servants keep an eye on him; its too comical;" and they both laughed heartily, which helped sweep away the last trace of formality and embarrassment.

When Ruth's father, Mr. Williston, came home an hour later he was astonished beyond measure to find his daughter sitting on the piazza, reading aloud to a demorilized-looking youth, who sat at a respectful distance in an easy-chair.

His first thought was that Ruth had found some one on whom to exeriment in a philanthropic way. She was probably trying to sow good seed in very poor ground; but he was soon disabused of that idea, as their merry laughter and chat reached his ears. He was not long in making investigations, which were, as we can understand, perfectly satisfactory.

Tom told his story; Ruth supplemented it with an account of her suspicions and Noran's watchfulness.

He said: "Since I am again within the pale of good society I find the demands of an 'effete civilization' strong upon me. I can think of nothing that would go so far to reinstate me in my own good opinion as a bath."

Mr. Williston escorted him to his son's room, and placed it and its belongings, including the son's wardrobe, at Tom's disposal.

He accepted Mr. Williston's invitation to spend a few days with them.

"For truly," said his host, "you are the most delightful tramp we ever entertained; your going astray has brought us a great pleasure. I am here myself partly from one of the causes you have suffered from, excess of confidence in mankind. But, after all, we find this a very pleasant summer home."

"I had wondered," said Tom, "how it came about that you should choose to live here. But my wonder has been absorbed by gratitude that you did, be the cause what it might."

There followed three delightful days; days filled with music and mirth and "converse sweet;" days golden with heart-sunshine, radiant with budding hopes; days love-crowned and glorious.

Tom rode away with the copy of "One Summer" in his pocket (Harry Williston's pocket by the way), and the bliss of a hundred summers in his heart, for the little Ruthie had heard his last request as graciously as she did the first, and we are all invited to the wedding, to take place about Christmas.—Exchange.

Fastest Train in the World.

Competition between two of the great English lines of railroad has recently taken the form of cutting down the running time. The London and North-Western and the Great Northern, striving against each other for the traffic between London and Edinburgh, have reduced the running time between these points eight hours. By the first named road the distance is 401 miles, by the other it is 397. For the entire distance the schedule is slightly exceeded by the B. & O. run between Baltimore and Washington, 40 miles in 45 minutes. But the length of the trip removes it from comparison.

On the North-Western road one run without a halt of 158 miles in three hours is a part of the trip. This exceeds the run from Fort Wayne to Chicago by 12 miles. To realize what this speed means, it may be compared with the trip from New York to Chicago by the Pennsylvania railroad. The same speed would reduce the time between these points to a little over eighteen and one-half hours. It has been suggested that an afternoon train should leave New York and reach Chicago in time for business the next day. The above proves the practicibility of such a project.—Scientific American.

The Smiths in England.

How many Smiths are there in England?

It is impossible to answer this question with precision, but there are data from which an approximately correct idea may be obtained.

The Registrar-General tells us that in 1856 it was possible to estimate, from certain records in his keeping, that there were then living in England and Wales about 253,000 Smiths, or one in every seventy-three persons composing the entire population.

and that the same proportion has since maintained, the statement may be fairly be made that there now about 355,814 or over one-third of a million Smiths in England and Wales.

There are more Smiths in England and Wales than there are people in Dublin—indeed excluding London, there are only four towns in the United Kingdom—namely, Birmingham, Glasgow, Liverpool and Manchester—containing more people than there are Smiths, while, twenty-six out of the fifty-two counties of England and Wales, or one-half, have fewer people than the immortal house of Smith has representives.—[Chambers Journal.

The Largest Centre-Boarder.

What will be the largest centre-board sailing schooner in the world is in the course of construction at Waldoboro, Me. The vessel will be completed some time in October and will be employed in the coal-carrying trade between Baltimore. Her registered tonnage will be 1,800 tons and she will measure 255 feet on the keel, 50 feet in breadth and 21 feet in depth. In her construction there will be used 450 tons of white oak from Virginia, 890,000 feet of hard pine from Georgia and 175 to 20; tons of iron. The outside planking will be six inches thick from the keel to the top and the inside ceiling will be from ten to fourteen inches in thickness. Two full decks will run the entire length of the vessel and there will be nine hatches. All the spars, of which there will be five, will be built of Oregon pine, the lower masts being 115 feet long and the topmasts fifty-six.—[Mail and Express.

CAT'S EYES.

The Stone Made Fashionable By the Duke of Connaught.

That the Duke of Connaught gave his bride a cat's-eye ring as an engagement token was enough to make the stone fashionable and to increase its value greatly.

The demand soon extended to Ceylon, where the true chrysoberyl cat's-eye is found, and stimulated the search for it there. In the chrysoberyl cat's-eye the effect is the result of a twinning of the crystal or of a deposit between its crystalline layers of other minerals in microscopic illusions.

If the stone be cut across these layers, en cabochon or carbuncle cut, as it is called, a bright line of light will be condensed on the dome-like top of the stone.

They are superb gems, weighing from 1 to 100 carats each, ranking next to the sapphire in hardness.

They gave a great surprise to the gem dealers, for it was found that the darker leaf-green, or olive green stones possessed the wonderful dichroitic property of changing to columbine red by artificial light, the green being entirely subdued and the red predominating, and, in fact, were alexandrites, a gem which had formerly been found only in Siberia, and even there of poor quality, though in large crystals, a perfect gem of one carat being a great rarity.

Here, however, fine gems, rarely under four carats, were found, and an exceptional one weighed sixty-seven carats. They can be numbered among the most remarkable of known gems.

Strange to say, among these alexandrites a few have been found which combine the characteristics of the cat's-eyes and the alexandrite, and are in reality alexandrite cat's-eyes.—[North American Review.

WOMEN'S DOINGS.

The Empress of Japan is a hard student of German, Russian, French and Italian.

Balsac says woman is a charming creature who changes her heart as easily as her gloves.

Patti was made happy in Madrid the other day by a kiss from the lips of the king of Spain.

Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild witnessed one of the races at Goodwood from the reporters' stand.

Mrs. Cleveland has added to her collection of pets, some white mice, two rabbits and eight or nine pigions.

The diadem and necklace to be presented by the Empress Eugenie to Princess Letitia are on view in Paris.

Belva Lockwood says she can do housework as well as any woman, but prefers to make $3,000 a year practicing.

The Princess of Wales has purchased a brood of Bandon magpie ducks for one of the lakes in the park at Sandringham.

SPONGE FISHERIES.

SYRIA FURNISHES THE ONES MOST VALUABLE.

The Bahama Sponges Poorest in Quality—How They are Collected—Divers of Great Physical Strength—Artificial Sponges as an Industry and its Protection.

The principal places from which sponges are exported are situated in the eastern portion of the Mediterranean. The only exception is the Bahamas, in the West Indies. The Bahama sponges, however, are the poorest in quality which reach the market. The sponge of Tunis, from the extreme resistance of its tissue, is an article of general utility, for it can be put to the commonest use. The most valuable sponges, however, are those which come from the coast of Syria and the Greek Archipelago.

The depth of the water beneath which it is found has a great influence on the quality of the sponge. That which is gathered on a rocky or sandy bottom is much superior to that which grows upon a muddy ground. The best Tunis sponges are of the former character, and are principally found near Kerkeni and on the rocks of the little island of Komontis. The inferior quality comes from the Gulf of Cabes, where the bottom is muddy, and these have unhealthy-looking red roots. In a natural condition, the Tunis sponge is black and covered with a viscous matter which forms the polyp of the sponge, and contains a considerable quantity of sand and mud.

In the Tunisian waters the sponge-fishery is carried on most actively and profitably during the months of December, January and February. The late autumnal storms have by that time cleared the sponges of the seaweeds and other plants which conceal them, and the eye can easily detect them. It is considered, calm weather and a transparent sea being indespensible, that not more than forty-five days can be counted upon each season.

The men employed in the Tunisian sponge-fishery are almost exclusively Greeks or Sicilians, and the former are found the more skillful. There are several modes of collecting sponges. They are plucked with the hand by help of a diving bell, they are harpooned, or they are dragged up with an instrument which resembles the sort of a drag used for fishing up oysters. The diving-bell can only be used where there is a hard bottom, and the harpoon is the instrument mostly employed by sponge-fishers.

The Arabs go out in parties of five, six, or seven persons in a small boat. One man holds the trident and watches the bottom of the sea, striking where he sees a sponge; but the Arabs are rarely successful in a depth of more than eight or ten metres. The method of the Sicilians is almost the same as that of the Arabs, except that their boats take only two men, one to row and the other to strike. The Sicilians fish in deeper water than the Arabs, and secure more sponges than they, and of a better quality. The Greeks, who for the most part come from Kalimno and Syria, are the chief employers of the drag. But the great majority of these also hold to the trident, which they use with extraordinary cleverness.

The island of Kalimno, on the southwestern coast of Asia Minor, between Cos and Leros, contains a population of about twelve thousand, all the adult males being engaged in the sponge-fishery. They leave the island in May, and return in September at the latest. The islanders at Kalimno exercise their profession of sponge-fishers off the shore of the islands [illegible], and specially of Rhodes, or Crete, of the whole extent of Syria, of the island of Ruad, and finally of Tunis, where their vessels are so large and so well manned that they drive the Arabs and Sicilians completely out of the field.

They take the sponges back to Kalimno, where they are sold, the council of the island constituting a court which decides all differences between fishermen, captains, proprietors, merchants and retail purchasers. The Kalimniotes usually fish at a depth of from fifteen to twenty feet; below this there are no sponges which possess any commercial value.

The divers have to be men of adult age and of great physical strength; they can in no case remain at the maximum depth of twenty feet for more than two minutes. They select the good from among the bad sponges by touch, tearing away those which seem to be the best and placing them in a pouch fastened around the neck. Quite recently a new method has been adopted, the wearing of a water-tight diving dress called a "scaphandro," made of metal and provided with glass windows; in this dress men are able to remain at the bottom of the sea for two or three hours and collect the sponges at their ease.

The Kalimniote fisherman are in the habit of dividing the sponges which they sell into three classes—those of fine quality, those which are large in size, and those which are inferior in quality, which they call tsimouches. The island possesses two hundred vessels engaged in this industry. The Kalimniotes find that the largest and most delicate sponges are discovered on the coast of the little island of Stamballa, off Amorgo, and on one or two spots on the African littoral. The second quality are those of Crete, of Bengazi, of Rhodes, and of Syria. The sponges of the Kalimniotes find their way into almost all the markets of the world. England is the largest consumer and France, Germany, Rusia, Austria, and Italy follow.

An industry in artificial sponges is in process of creation. M. Oscar Schmidt, Professor at the University of Grætz, in Styria, has invented a method by which pieces of living sponge are broken off and planted in a favorable spot. From very small cuttings of the kind Prof. Schmidt has obtained large sponges in the course of three years, and at a very small expense. One of his experiments gave the result that the cultivation of 4,000 sponges had not cost more than 225 francs, including the interest for three years on the capital expended. The Austro-Hungarian Government has been so much struck with the importance of these experiments, that it has officially authorized the protection of this new industry on the coast of Dalmatia.[Chambers' Journal.

COST OF THE NEWS.

$20,655,000 for What is Sold for from One Cent to Three.

Mr. Eugene M. Camp, who has collected the statistics for America on this point, says that the entire cost of all news used in the papers in this country is $20,655,000 per year. This is curiously divided.

The special bureaus, which are principally located in New York, with the right to look over the proofs every night of some of the morning papers, cost $345,000. This is divided among 100 of the leading provincial papers.

The business of the Associated Press now amounts to $1,250,000 yearly, and that of the United Press foots up to $450,000. These two sums, with the special outlay for telegraph tolls outside of the organizations, places the total to all the papers of $1,829,000 for this department. In addition to this there are to be reckoned the special services of professional correspondents in adjacent towns and important centers, whose salaries aggregate $1,000,000 beside.

This makes the total cost of all the service about $2,880,000 per annum. In the larger cities of the union it costs all the way from $400 to $2,200 a week for the working up of local districts. Mr. Camp reckons this yearly expense at about $15,600,000.

This is a correct analysis of the expense in collecting news and the proportion in which one branch of the service is related to the other. There are three lines on which this work proceeds—the gathering of news by the local reporter, the use of the telegraph, and the special correspondent. Each method is closely related to the other.

The statement shows that there has been a great development of journalism in the matter of news. Every effort is made to get the [illegible] ty for another in order to keep the lead in this department of a newspaper. The greater the combination, the greater the result, and the paper that has the news is the one that the public is most willing to pay for.—[Boston Herald.

WHY I LIED.

I was seated in my office one afternoon in October, 1884, when an acquaintance, a merchant of this city, called. I had then acquired a fair experience in my calling, but my income from that source had been quite limited; hence my extreme gratification when my visitor announced that the purpose of his visit was "business."

The gentleman said that a friend of his, Mr. Brown, a merchant doing an extensive business on Lake street, had requested him to suggest the name of a reliable man to undertake a private investigation; that he had promised to comply with the request, and, therefore, came to me. I asked him if he knew anything about the character and details of the case. He replied that he did not. At my instance the gentleman wrote a letter of introduction to Mr. Brown, which he handed to me, and after receiving my promise to deliver it without delay he departed.

I lost no time in communicating with Mr. Brown. I sent by messenger the letter of introduction enclosed in a note of my own, requesting an interview, and in reply was invited to call at his residence that evening at 8 o'clock.

I was promptly on hand at the designated time, and was ushered into a comfortable and well appointed little library room.

Mr. Brown received me cordially, but his face wore an expression of much concern.

"For what specific purpose is my service required?" I asked, making a dive at the business in hand.

"I wish you to investigate a little matter for me," he said, "and will give you the cause and details in a few words."

After a moment's hesitation, which seemed devoted to deep thought, he said: "I presume you are aware of the character of our business; we require a large clerical force in our counting-room; we reward efficiency and zeal with merited promotion, and many of our clerks have acquired their present advanced positions through this system. Among others in our counting-room is one who has secured his desk by gradual promotion, a young man who seems possessed of the required qualifications, and who has always, so far as I can judge, properly performed his whole duty. I speak of the cashier. He is young, intelligent, with a kindly disposition, prompt at his post and indefatigable in his work. Because of these qualities and the fact that he has exercised economy, I have felt myself gradually drawn toward him. I have taken deeper interest in him than in many others in our employ and was much gratified to find that he had to his credit a neat little sum, saved out of his salary. Recently, however, I have noticed that he wears a haggard expression, and the discovery has disturbed me. When first I observed this change it was but slightly depicted on his countenance, but it has grown more pronounced from day to day until he seems little more than a shadow of his former self, and though prompt at his post and in his work the old smile seldom lights up his genial face. I have taken occasion to look into his personal account in the ledger, and find that from time to time he has drawn upon it until now very little remains of the $1,900 to his credit a month ago."

"What is your idea of the cause of this condition of things?" I asked.

"I have no fixed idea," Mr. Brown replied, and then added: "What puzzles and pains me [illegible] employe's account and had a right to draw his money, he had several times invested in shares of building and loan associations, but never without first consulting me as to the advisability of doing so. Of course, I have been more than pleased with this mark of confidence, and was so favorably impressed with his worth that I had already determined that he should be the next to be admitted to a junior partnership interest in our establishment. My recent discoveries and the cashier's reticence have made me uneasy. I am determined, if possible, to learn the cause of this change, and, therefore, I have sent for you to look into the case for me. I desire you to ascertain what influence has caused the change in his appearance, and what he has done with his money. The only condition that I interpose is that you must make no move that will disturb him until you have reported to me. You may adopt your own time and method to reach the end in view, and you may call upon me for such assistance as you may require in the case."

"Do you suspect financial trouble in any form?"

"I have no data on which to ground a suspicion; his trial balance sheet, made three days ago, proves the books and accounts to be in good shape, and the cash balance on hand at that time was correct."

"Does he complain of illness or overwork?"

"He does not; in fact, when I questioned him concerning the cause of his appearance, his answers seemed rather evasive."

The next day I entered the counting room of Mr. Brown and asked the clerk at one of the windows to give me silver coin for a $20 note. Pointing to another window, he said: "The cashier will give it to you." I was about to have a view of the cashier. This was the purpose I desired to compass.

Approaching the aperture designated, I asked: "Are you the cashier?" Receiving an affirmative response, I requested change for my paper money, which request was silently granted.

The few seconds required by the cashier in which to gather up the coin and pass it through the window sufficed me to "take in" that gentlemen's face, that I might know it whenever I should see it again.

I spent several days in quiet investigation, and then sought a private interview with the cashier. After a few commonplace remarks I took the matter in hand.

"I am a messenger appointed to watch you and gain information concurning your habits," said I, looking steadily in his eyes.

The young man assumed a calmness, but could not conceal his alarm and deep concern. I had fully determined that the cashier was not a rogue at heart. I believed that he was not confirmed in any vicious practice, and if his conduct during our interview warranted it, I intended to be his friend.

After a moments pause my companion asked: "Who sent you to watch me?"

"One deeply interested in your welfare. Can you not guess who?" I replied.

"A lady?" he asked, much agitated.

"No," I answered, and taking the cue, I added: "Miss——of——avenue, so far as I know, is not aware of my employment, and I presume she does not even suspect that there is cause for it; indeed I would deeply regret it if she did."

He turned his face full upon me, and there was a startled and puzzled expression resting upon it. "What do you know about that lady and why do you mention her when I asked if your principal was a lady?" he asked hastily.

"I know that you visited her at her home this evening. and have reason to know your feelings toward that lady," was my response.

I had been right in my conjectures, and now knew that I had sent a shaft to a tender spot and felt assured that this hit would prove a valuable, though silent adjunct to a successful execution of my hastily formed plan.

With a deep sigh of relief he said: I am glad of it;" and then, after a pause, asked again, "Who sent you?"

"Mr. Brown is the individual," I said, but the young man's alarmed countenance urged me to add: "Yet he does not suspect what I have discovered."

"I presume you will report your discovery to Mr. Brown at once?" he interrogated, with apparent alarm.

"Not necessarily," I replied briefly.

"Can my exposure be prevented?" he quickly asked.

"That depends," I answered.

The cashier impulsively thrust his hand into the breast pocket of his coat and drew forth a roll of bills. Turning to me with extended arm, the money grasped in his hand, he said, excitedly: "You are welcome to this, but for God's sake don't expose me. It will ruin me forever!"

Restraining my indignation as much as possible, I said: "Your proposition is as unworthy of you as it would be unworthy of me to accept it."

My words stunned him and an expression of dejection and lost hope overcast his countenance. Seeing the effect my speech had, I added earnestly: "I will be your friend and save you if you will comply fully with my demands."

A gleam of hope instantly shone on his countenance, and he added rather demurely; "What do you demand?"

Looking him earnestly in the eyes I answered: "That you tell me truthfully how you came to visit a faro bank, how long the visits have been indulged in, how often, and with what result."

To sum up his statement briefly, but which he gave in detail, he said that he went with a friend one night out of curiosity, that the game was fascinating, and that he commenced by buying $5 worth of checks; he won $10; visited the place again a few nights after and tried his luck, but this time lost $25. He repeated his visit two nights following with a like result, then the fascination and a determination to recover his small loss impelled him to go again, each time meeting with a loss, and each succeeding loss being greater than than the last, until he visited the place almost nightly, and finally realized that he had drawn out nearly all of his cash balance in the office, besides having hypothecated some shares of stock owned by him. He had used his own money; he had not gone far enough in his recklessness to filch.

"Are you satisfied now to cut short this recklessness?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered determinedly.

"Pledge me your word that you will never again enter a gambling house or gamble, and I will agree to make a report that will not expose your recklessness. I believe there is ample chance for you if you will be wise, as well as correct in your character, but I warn you that you will be watched, and if you prove unfaithful to your pledge, I will see to it that you do not escape the logical consequences."

He extended his hand, which I grasped, and his moistened eyes, full of gratitude, told me that he was in earnest.

We parted on State and Madison streets, the cashier going home and I to my lodgings. I put a shadow after him. His conduct proved exemplary. I so reported from time to time during the month following the above episode, and finally reported to my client that I believed the young man had made a temporary loan to a friend who was in trouble; that he had re[illegible]ed his friend, and that his friend had paid him back the loan. To confirm my report the cashier had deposited the money in the office and credited his account with the amount, the haggard expression had vanished, and the old genial smile was again enthroned in its place. My report was accepted; I was thanked for my services, and well paid for the effort.

On Jan. 1 following the cashier was admitted to a junior co-partnership interest in Mr. Brown's extensive business, and in October of the same year he led Miss —— to the altar, and a happier couple never assumed the responsibilities of wedlock than did this one.

I meet the cashier occasionally. We greet each other cordially, but never allude to his narrow escape from disgrace.—Chicago Times.

FOUR MUMMIES.

Dried for Centuries in the Air of Mexican Caves.

Sig. S. Marghiera, the well-known archæologist, discovered and explored a hermetically sealed cave, at an elevation of nearly 4,000 feet on the eastern side of the Sierra Madre mountains in Mexico, about 200 miles south of Deming, between Coralitos and Casa Grande, about two years ago. The floor was nearly smooth, the sides rough and rugged, and the vault covered with stalactites. In the far end of the cavern were found four dessicated human bodies.

The bodies were in a sitting posture, with the hands crossed on the breast, and the knees approaching the chin, with the head inclined forward. They were carefully shrouded in their burial garments, and placed facing the rising sun. The male and female were seated side by side. The elder child, a boy, was at the right side of the father, and the younger child, a girl, at the left of the mother. In addition to the funeral shrouds, the little girl was enveloped in the skin of an animal, similar to the method used in the island of Fuerto Ventura, the better to preserve its tender frame.

No embalming process was used in the preservation of these bodies. They were dried by the air alone. The bodies are not like those of the Indians of the present day, because the fingers and hands and feet are smaller than the average, and the woman's hair is brown and silken and of the Caucassian type. The body of the man must have weighed in life from 180 to 200 pounds, but it now weighs only 14 pounds, while the body of the woman weighs only 12 pounds. In the lobe of each of the small and well-proportioned ears is a piece of hollow bamboo or reed as an ornament. The woman had a large forehead and well-developed reasoning powers.

The little boy weighs but three pounds and the girls only four and a half pounds.

The burial shrouds on the bodies are composed chiefly of cotton, hair, hide, grasses, and the bark of willows.

The bodies may now be seen at the rooms of the State Mining Bureau.—[San Francisco Examiner.

Herr Seidl's Conducting.

Director Seidl, who is giving concerts at Brighton Beach, is said never to give a piece of music twice alike. It will take on his mood in time and expression, but, however, it is played, it will be masterly. His concert master, Carlos Hasselbrink, says that the tempo is taken at such a prodigious pace, or becomes so accelerated as the piece proceeds, that it is hardly possible to play the notes as they are written.

The concerts have not been as well attended as they should be and on a rainy afternoon the audience consisted of five people, three women and two men. The program was given in the same manner as if the hall was packed, and at the conclusion of each selection the auditors did what they could to encourage the musicians by applauding with feet, hands and lungs—a compliment that Mr. Seidl acknowledged by bowing gravely after his eye had roamed over a half acre of empty benches in the effort to find his audience.—[Brooklyn Eagle.

Famous Dogs.

Two spaniels, descendants of the famous dogs of Frederick the Great, have just been brought to Paris by the Countess Marie de Munster, the daughter of the German Ambassador to France. They were given to her by the will of the late Emperor Frederick III, which, according to the Gauloiz, contained the following bequest: "I leave my favorite dogs to the Countess de Munster, hoping that they will cure her of her aversion for the canine race.—[New York Sun.

For tableware the prettiest articles are silver and cut glass in combination. A claret jug, for example, will be of cut glass with bands, handle and base of repousse silver.

Lady Eleanor Lambton, to whom Lord Robert Cecil, the third son of the prime minister, is engaged to be married, has a fortune of $300,000.

Eulalia, youngest sister of the late King Alfonso, suffers from weak lungs and has been sent to Northern Italy in the hope of prolonging her life.

Mrs. F. B. Thurber's cottage at Ontario is built of brown logs, stripped of bark and colored a pearl gray by the storms and sunshine of six years.

Miscellaneous

"HOW'S YOUR LIVER?"

Is the Oriental salutation, knowing that good health cannot exist without a healthy Liver. When the Liver is Torpid the Bowels are Sluggish and Constipated, and the Food lies in the Stomach decomposing—poisoning the Blood.

Frequent headache ensues, and a feeling of lassitude and despondency indicate how the whole system is deranged. No agency on earth has restored as many people to health and happiness by giving them a healthy liver as

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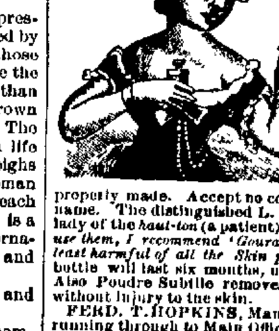

Removes Tan Pimples Freckles Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin disease and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 37 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished L. A. Sayer, said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

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The Bucks County Gazette

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

OFFICE—CORNER RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1888.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

☞No subscription continued after expiration of time paid for.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

ARE YOU READY?

YOU MUST CHOOSE NOW BETWEEN PROTECTION AND FREE TRADE.

One Means Continued Prosperity and an Ably and Honestly Administered Government—The Other Means Low Wages, Cheap Lands and Ruin.

Voters, the hour is at hand when must be decided perhaps the greatest political contest this country has ever seen. It is the struggle, not for political supremacy merely, but for the life or death of the great principle to which these United States owe their present unprecedented prosperity. It is the fight which must result either in the perpetuation of protection or set us on the way towards free trade.

It is the struggle between two parties, one of which has pledged itself to so administer the government, if it proves triumphant at the polls, that the homes of the American workingmen, the American farmers, the American people, shall be guarded against the foreign curse of low wages, against competition with the pauper labor of European countries where small pay and long hours are the rule and not the exception.

The other party has pledged itself to remove those bulwarks of protection; has pledged itself, in the words of one of its most prominent leaders, Roger Q. Mills, to "put our own intelligent and skillful and productive labor in this country upon a plane of equality with the laborers of all other countries." It has unqualifiedly indorsed the sentiments and deeds of one who, when the call to arms sounded throughout the length and breadth of the land, and when men were wanted to face the fire of rebel muskets in order to free the oppressed, protect our homes and maintain the Union of this grand galaxy of states, was too cowardly or too apathetic to respond, and sent to fight his battles a hired substitute; who has scratched veto after veto across the backs of the bills designed by congress to relieve the sufferings of the men, or the families of the men, who did fight for their country and thereby earned the "high honor of being crippled in a noble cause." These vetoes are burned deep into the hearts of the old soldiers and will not soon be forgotten. The man who wrote them was Grover Cleveland.

On the other hand is a picture as different as light is different from shadow. Gen. Benjamin Harrison, the Republican candidate for president, is in himself thoroughly worthy of your votes. He is first of all a man; a man in the highest and truest sense of the word; a man who could repeat the history of his early life without a blush; a man who went with the first to the battlefield, who fought bravely for his country and who is loved and honored by his countrymen for his bravery; a man who heroically led the boys in blue in many a charge and has never been known to shirk a duty because it was hazardous or because it was onerous; an eloquent orator, a skillful statesman, an honest man. What a contrast between this man and Grover Cleveland.

Nor is the Republican candidate for vice president less worthy of respect. Levi P. Morton's career before the public has been a long one and an honorable itself. His private life has not been less exemplary, and affords another and quite as striking a contrast. Levi P. Morton, with his own money, paid for a ship load of provisions for the starving people of Ireland. Stephen Grover Cleveland, out of his own private fortune, gave $20 to the people made destitute by the great Charleston earthquake. Oh, what a generous giver! What a philanthropic president!

A glance at the records, aims and achievements, past and possible, of the two parties, will be enough. On the Republican side of the column are: The freeing of the slaves and perpetuation of the Union; the establishment and maintenance of the credit of the nation after the most expensive war in history; the return to specie payment; the rights of American citizens abroad sustained and enforced; the establishment of the most just and equitable system of taxation ever known; honest administration of the laws; the introduction of an almost perfect postal service; the pensioning of thousands of deserving veterans of the late war and twenty years of just and economical government.

On the Democratic side can be written: The rebellion; thousands of outrages in the south; the suppression of legal votes; the most shameless dishonesty at the polls; twenty years of vain endeavor to wrest the reins of government from the hands of honest men, and at last, when successful, four years of misrule, badly administered departments, a prostitution of the public office which had been declared a public trust, an inaccurate and inefficient postal service, reckless extravagance, and finally a desperate struggle for the introduction of a system which would ruin our industries, decrease the value of our lands, bankrupt our farmers, bring financial failure to our merchants.

They have spoken truly when they have said that it was a struggle to the death. It is a struggle to the death between protection and free trade.

Which side are you on?

Do You Want It to Happen?

Roger Q. Mills proclaimed in his speech at East St. Louis that if Grover Cleveland and a Democratic congress should be reelected this year the Democrats "will pass a tariff bill that will put raw materials all on the free list and put our own intelligent, skillful and productive labor in this country on a plane of equality with the laborers of other countries." This is Mr. Mills' language, and he meant every word of it. The workers of the country now know what will come if they put the Democracy again in power.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Slight Difference.

The Republicans do not put upon the free list wool, lumber, salt or any other article whose production gives employment to any large number of our citizens. One difference between the Republicans and the Democrats is that the Republicans favor the American workingman, while the Democrats love the workingman of Italy, Turkey and China.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Hopeless Struggle.

Secretary Whitney says "we can whip England." No doubt you can, Mr. Secretary; but "we" cannot whip America, as she is embodied in the Republican party, and don't you forget it.—New York Press.

And It Has a Large Family.

The retort courteous to this nonsensical saying that "protection is the mother of trusts" is: "Free trade is the father of lies."—Philadelphia Press.

To Get Rid of Visitors.

A lady the other day was heard to confess: "When I have somebody visiting me who has stayed as long as I think she ought to, I often send word to the Sunday papers that she has gone, and when she reads of her departure, or when I read it to her, as I generally do, saying something real stern about its being a pity reporters don't tell the truth, it sets her to thinking of going, and I am usually rid of a burdensome visitor before the next week's issue of the paper is out."

DEMOCRATIC POLICY.

SHOWING THAT IT IS SELF CONFESSED FOR FREE TRADE.

The Scheme to Cover the True State of Affairs with a Mask of "Tariff Reform" Removed by Themselves—An Enemy to Labor.

Here are some significant utterances of President Cleveland's henchmen, the self styled "tariff reformers" of the present campaign:

Senator Vest—Mr. Cleveland, by his message, for which I sincerely honor him, has challenged the protected industries of the country to a fight of extermination.

Henry Watterson—The Democratic party is a free trade party or it is nothing.

Roger Q. Mills—I will not help to perfect any law that stands in the way of free trade.

Speaker Carlisle—All trade should be as free as possible.

Henry George—I am for Grover Cleveland because I am a free trader.

Congressman Breckinridge—I am a free trader. The Mills bill is a step in that direction.

Congressman Campbell, Ohio—If this bill (Mills') means anything it means a long step toward free trade.

Secretary Fairchild—Add to the free list as many articles as possible.

The Hon. S. S. Cox, of New York, May 17, said:

"The devil is never dressed up so elegantly as when he appears as a protectionist."

"Gentlemen seem to take umbrage because we call these tariffs, which take from one class to give to another, robbery."

"When the government lays its powerful grasp on the property of the citizen to bestow that property upon favored enterprises it is none the less robbery and communism because done under the forms of law."

"Since the tariff forces taxes from one person to give it to another by indirection, by a sleight of hand manipulation, is it not merciful to call it by another name than robbery? * * * Some folks call it burglary."

"There never was a tariff during whose continuance there was so much advancement in all that makes up the wealth of nations as our low tariff of 1846."

The Hon. P. T. Glass, of Tennessee, April 25, said:

"The farmer, the laborer and the mechanic will cheerfully pay all taxes necessary to support economic government. But they become restive under the exactions of trusts, monopolies and robber tariffs."

The Hon. Asher G. Caruth, of Kentucky, May 2, said:

"If I properly understand the derivation of the word 'tariff,' its origin is not such as to commend it to the admiration of man. At Tarifa the Moors levied their duty and collected their customs from those whose ships, driven by adverse winds, were forced, in order to escape destruction at the sea, to suffer robbery ashore.

"This tariff is a most insidious enemy. * * * While it pretends to be giving us 'protection,' it is really stealing our substance and destroying our lives. It is not the highwayman who boldly gallops upon the public road and demands 'your money or your life,' but the sneak thief, who, in an unconscious moment, filches your purse, or the burglar who robs you of your possessions in sleep's unconscious hour. It holds to the false doctrine of Othello:

He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it and he is not robbed at all.

"We are told that this mighty freebooter, this pirate who has robbed us on the sea, this thief who has stolen our substance on land, is not our enemy, but the cause of national prosperity."

"A tariff, such as we now discuss, which raises money that the government does not and cannot legitimately spend, is not a tax, but a tribute paid by the weak to the strong—to the individual for personal advantage, not to the government for public good."

"This whole speech is violent to the system.)

The Hon. J. L. McDonald, of Minnesota, May 4, said:

"A protective tariff is legalized robbery."

"The bill does not go far enough. The bill is, however, quite an advance in the right direction."

"High tariffs do not protect labor."

The Hon. William H. Martin, of Texas, May 8, said:

"I'm ag'in protection!"

"Whom does protection protect? Not the farmer; not the man or woman in the factory; not the plowboy nor the bricklayer; not the man at the forge nor the woman at the loom. I will tell you, Mr. Chairman, whom it protects. It protects the rich."

"The day of the protectionist is fast drawing to a close."

The Hon. Charles W. Clammy, of North Carolina, 1888:

"A protective tariff is an unjust, an unfair discrimination by the government in favor one class of citizens against another class of citizens."

Speaker Carlisle, of Kentucky, May 9, said:

"There is a fundamental and irreconcilable difference in opinion between those who believe that the power of taxation should be used for public purposes only, * * * and those who believe that it is the right and duty of the government to promote certain private enterprises and increase the profits of those engaged in them by the imposition of higher rates than are necessary to raise revenue for the proper administration of affairs."

The Hon. William H. H. Cowles, of North Carolina, May 14, said:

"The tariff is as much a tax upon the consumer as if it was levied upon his property and collected out of it."

"Mr. Cleveland by his message, for which I sincerely honor him, has challenged the protected industries of the country to a fight of extermination. * * * It is useless for us to disguise the fact that the fight is to the death, and we would be idiots to ignore this."—G. G. Vest's Letter to Mr. Napton (Dem.) of Missouri.

"We demand tariff reform, and we set our faces in the direction of free trade."

"The Democrat who is not a free trader should go elsewhere."

"The conflict between free trade and protection is irrepressible and must be fought out to the bitter end. We spit upon compromises and propose neither to ask nor to give quarter."

"The Democratic party, except in the person of imbeciles hardly worth mentioning, is not upon the fence. It is a free trade party or it is nothing."

"There can be no cooked up platform and no compromise candidate."

"The black flag is up. No quarter will be asked and no quarter given."—Extracts from Henry Watterson's (Democratic National Campaign Committeeman) Editorial in The Louisville Courier-Journal.

CLEVELAND'S BRITISH SYMPATHIZERS.

It is certain that the arguments which President Cleveland urges are those which Cobden used to employ forty five years ago and which any free trader could employ now.—London Times.

For American party purposes the president feels compelled to characterize the attempt to brand him as a free trader as a deception of his enemies. For all that the electoral conflict now in progress is a conflict between free trade and protection, and nothing less.—London News.

President Cleveland's message to congress will not fail to attract the attention which it deserves. It marks the beginning of a serious movement in the direction of free trade.—Manchester Examiner and Times.

They (the Democrats) have, from whatever motive, resolved to adopt a free trade policy.—Saturday Review.

The re-election of President Cleveland means the adoption of his programme of tariff revision, and his ideas on that subject go a long way toward free trade.—London Star.

Mr. Cleveland stands upon free trade principles, or what pass for such in the states, while Gen. Harrison flies the protectionist flag.—London Globe.

President Cleveland has been accused of having shrunk from carrying through his free trade policy which he then advocated. The accusation is unjust. His letter proves that he is still favorable to the policy which he advocated in his message to congress. He does not call it free trade; but neither did he then. The expression is too unpopular in America to be safely employed. * * * If President Cleveland and the Democratic party can have their way they probably care very little whether they are debarred from the use of the phrase free trade. The strength of the protectionist feeling in the United States is so great that no politician could safely disregard it.—English Saturday Review, Sept. 15.

From The Congressional Record: The attitude of the friends of the Mills bill is plainly shown by this colloquy at the close of the debate upon it:

Mr. McComas (Rep.)—Has any friend of this bill in this debate uttered one sentence in favor of the American tariff system, which discriminates in favor of the home producer and laborer?

Mr. Hooper (Dem.)—No, there was no one, and you will not find any Democrat to utter one.

Can any Democrat deny, in the face of this overwhelming mass of evidence, furnished by Democrats or Democratic sympathizers, that the present struggle is between free trade and protection?

WAGES COMPARED.

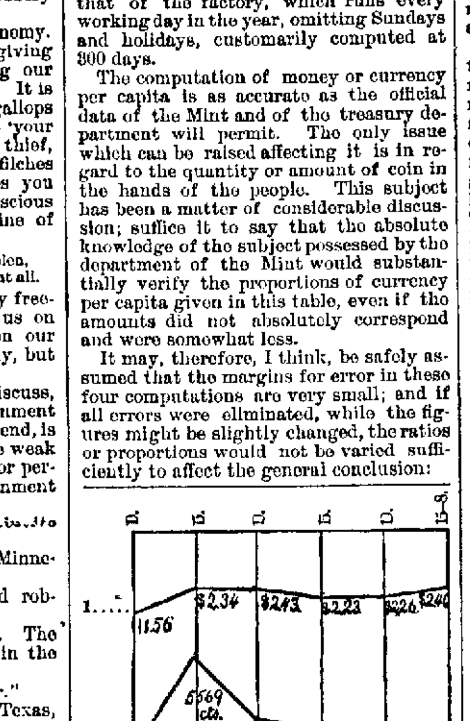
An Accurate Compilation from United States Census Figures.

In respect to the data on which this table has been compiled, I beg to say, with regard to the rates of wages, that they have been averaged from a compilation of the figures given in the larger number of establishments treated in Volume XX of the United States Census, those of which I have had some knowledge myself as to their having been in continuous operation throughout the period treated or else such as from the nature of the work must have been fully employed throughout the whole period, being selected for the purpose. The rates are doubtless somewhat lower than would be shown by a compilation of figures given by mechanics themselves engaged in analogous trades. This would always be the case if the wages of mechanics who are permanently employed in connection with factories were compared with those whose work is transient and not continuous throughout the year, owing to the nature of the occupations, as in the building trades. The rates of wages have also been compared with those computed on special investigations made on my own behalf, from typical establishments in the state of Massachusetts, which I know to be correct.

With respect to prices I had myself made averages of prices from data obtained by myself before Volume XX of the census was issued; and by comparing my own data with those of the census, I was able to verify the prices given in that volume for the eastern states. The number of portions assigned to 300 days' work of course assumes continuous work, like that of the factory, which runs every working day in the year, omitting Sundays and holidays, customarily computed at 300 days.

The computation of money or currency per capita is as accurate as the official data of the Mint and of the treasury department will permit. The only issue which can be raised affecting it is in regard to the quantity or amount of coin in the hands of the people. This subject has been a matter of considerable discussion; suffice it to say that the absolute knowledge of the subject possessed by the department of the Mint would substantially verify the proportions of currency per capita given in this table, even if the amounts did not absolutely correspond and were somewhat less.

It may, therefore, I think, be safely assumed that the margins for error in these four computations are very small; and if all errors were eliminated, while the figures might be slightly changed, the ratios or proportions would not be varied sufficiently to affect the general conclusion:



Relation of wages, prices, purchasing power of wages, and volume per capita of money or currency in circulation at the respective dates given:

No. 1.—Average wages of mechanics, engineers, carpenters, machinists and painters connected with the mills and works treated in Vol. XX, United States census; establishments in eastern, middle and western states.

No. 2.—Average cost of one day's supply of food, fuel and material for clothing customarily used by such mechanics, computed at retail prices in twenty shops, ten east and ten west of Buffalo.

No. 3.—Purchasing power of 300 days' wages in equal portions of the same kinds of food, fuel and cloth as above given.

No. 4.—Quantity per capita of coin, convertible bank notes and legal tender notes in circulation or in use as money at the respective dates.—Edward Atkinson in The Forum.

SOUND MINDS AND BODIES.

The Old Maxim Called in Question—What a "Healthy Invalid" May Do.

It is a serious question whether, in these day of health lifts, rowing machines, chest weights and bean bags, rather exaggerated ideas are not held out to the public as to the spiritual benefits to be confidently relied on from the diligent use of these. The old maxim, "a sound mind in a sound body," is pretty severely put to its trumps when it has to maintain its dignity against practical illustrations.

Of course, the old Greeks and Romans, or whoever invented the saw originally, merely meant that, if a man only had a sound mind, he could do a great deal more with it if it were in a sound body. The modern bean bag professors, however, can never content themselves with so moderate a statement as this. Tone up your muscular system, they insist, and forthwith the whole Sermon on the Mount will enter in and take possession of the soul. Their favorite illustration is taken from the goings on of the baby. Who ever knew a baby, they say, that nurses well and sleeps well, to fret and cry? Well, that is simply because he is a baby, a little animal, with a few physical wants. Once satisfy these, and the baby does not know enough to ask for anything more.

But a grown man is not a baby. He may be strong enough to digest food that would distress an ostrich, to sleep like a hibernating bear and to tramp forty miles on a stretch, and still be a moody, morose, discontented and querulous fellow. His mind cannot digest the tough experiences of life, and his irritable spirit never gets the mental sleep and refreshment of trust and peace in a higher power. One good healthy invalid like Robert Louis Stevenson, with a sound mind in a crazy rattletrap of a body, has more brace and invigoration in him than scores of athletes who have sought their sole spiritual instruction from dumb bells and rowing machines. With a quarter of a lung he breathes in more tonic mountain air than they with lungs like the bellows of a forging shop. No man can abolish his ancestors. If they bequeathed him dyspepsia, consumption or nervous exhaustion he will have to fight it out on that line. But let him only say: "I mean to make a small capital win a big fortune," and ten to one he will get more genuine satisfaction and profit out of life than thousands who contemptuously dismiss him as not having body enough to set up a peanut stand on.

The naked fact is that sound men and horses are about equally rare. How to make the spavined and wind galled capable of prancing and caracoling to the best advantage, is the practical question; and just here is where the healthy invalids have their blessed mission in the world. A mere physical thread of a man like Robert Louis Stevenson, with his admiration for stout, old English admirals and heroes of every type, and who, while perfectly entitled to swathe himself in flannels and drink catnip tea, hates the whole race of whiners and self coddlers, touches the viking nerve in every reader of his books who has sense of shame enough in him to blush where he ought to blush. All over the land is the same story repeated. If half the great, hulking fellows, who estimate the health of their minds by the vigor of their bodies, would now and then desert their rowing machines and put themselves under the spell of the sweetness, cheer and faith of some frail woman tied up in a hard knot with rheumatism, they would feel that, with half the same amount of spirit to the square inch of flesh, they ought to be able to shoulder whole Alps of obstacles, instead of whining over mole hills.—Boston Herald.

The Lowest Cost of Living.

Everybody is interested to learn just what the lowest cost of living can be, and how to reach that minimum. If a man can thrive on a dime a day, how can he do it? and if a man with a family can get along on $1 a day, why not let some other people in on the secret, so that they may be able to do likewise? Some men have the ability to decide between what sort of edibles are beneficial and what are not; what will put fat upon their bones and give strength to their muscles. This, in fact, is so important that everybody, and particularly laboring men and heads of families, should know it. Listen to what one of the best authorities says on this subject:

"Tell a laboring man that three-fourths of his weight is water, and that to restore the day's waste he has to take food, three-fourths of which must be water, and the remainder flesh forming, heat giving and bone making substances, he will understand the case better. Give him a table of foods, analyzed to show just how much heat giving, flesh forming and mineral matter there is in each food, and he will soon take as deep an interest in what he eats because of its worth to him as because of its taste. When he finds out—as he can in half an hour—that only 24 parts in every 100 of butchers' meat count as flesh formers, the rest being water, but that from 75 to 90 parts out of every 100 in dried peas, beans, oat and wheat meals and cheese are nutritious and only 10 to 25 parts waste water, he from that moment begins to use his common sense in feeding as he does in earning his living. The popular rule is: Never pay any heed to the feeding value of our diet; let us cultivate a glorious ignorance of the purpose of foods and go in might and main for palate ticklers.

"There are miners in the English coalpits, the hardest workers in the land, who have not eaten any kind of meat for years. I am not a vegetarian, because I hanker after the fleshpots, and their savory odors cast a spell over my innocent soul; yet I experimented for one whole year without tasting flesh or gravy in any form, and all the time my health was perfect and my weight increased. The dock porters of Constantinople carry heavier burdens—250 pounds and upward—more easily than the laborers of England or America, yet their main diet is bread and figs, and they are teetotal and vegetarian. The laborers in Spain live chiefly on bread and onions, and are marvelously strong."—Boston Globe.

English Locomotive Engineers.

The English locomotive engineers, or drivers, as they are called here, are muttering something about going on strike because the companies will not provide cabs on their engines to shelter them from rain, snow and storm. A few engines are equipped in this way, but the drivers argue that if their American cousins can be accommodated the English companies ought to be blessed with enough of the milk of human kindness to follow suit.

I had a chat with an engine driver on the London, Brighton and South Coast railway recently while waiting for a train. He said he gets wet whenever it rains, but that the worst annoyance is a broiling hot sun. The directors will not listen to any suggestions about cabs on the engines, saying that if American railways provide them it shows their stupidity and explains why so many railway accidents occur in the states. They claim that an engineer must be able to see everything about him, and that a car obstructs his view. For blatant stupidity and grasping selfishness I commend to you an English railway director.—London Cor. New York Press.

Candy Making in Chicago.

"See, this girl is dipping violet creams," said the dealer, pausing before a dark haired Italian lass, who was deftly lifting halved walnut meats with a long handled fork and dipping them into a lavender tinted decoction. "Violets have been utilized as a flavor but a short time in this country," he continued. "The flavor is in great demand. So are the crystallized violets, and they are now supplied in such quantities that the price is dropping considerably. Sugared rose leaves do not find the sale that violets do.

"This is the way all fine goods are finished," said he, pointing to some shallow pans in which were cream almonds and other fine candies. "After they are made they are laid in clear syrup for ten or twelve hours. That gives them sparkle. Pistache nuts are one of the most expensive commodities of the confectioner's line. They come from Spain. We have to have the best and purest of everything, or we can't turn out first class goods. Confectioners' sugar itself is the purest known and most free from muriatic acid and tin. See, it is very coarse," and he took up a handful from a convenient barrel. "When it sparkles like this you can depend upon its purity, and the more it sparkles the purer it is. A good many kinds of small, hard candies have been introduced, owing to the fashion of carrying bonboniere boxes. They are called 'dew drops,' 'church drops,' 'infant's tears,' and other appropriate names. This sort of confectionery goes to church and to the theatre. It's a solace during a bad piece or a dull sermon. The candy of the future, however, is the cream bonbon. It has supplanted all other kinds already. Something new is made in it every day. There's a fortune in making something new. A few years ago a Philadelphia woman mixed up a batch of black walnut molasses candy. It went like wildfire. She got rich out of her black walnut taffy."—Chicago Herald.

Injurious to the Eyesight.

Heated rooms weaken the eyes, so do small bonnets which do not shade the face, so does a glare of light, or light that is too dim. In short the eyes need a great deal more care than they get. Ill health of any sort weakens them. Going with cold feet causes more harm to the eyes than any one ever suspects, and many cases of weak eyes are relieved at once by hot foot baths and thick stockings. The sight is often strengthened by applications just above the eyebrow and on the temple rather than the eyeball itself.—Shirley Dare's Letter.

*A prudent man, "according to Hoyle,"
For cut, and bruise, and burn, and boil;
Will use at once Salvation Oil.

"Never was heard such a terrible curse," as the man got off about his stubborn cold. Could it be possible that he lived in civilization and had not heard of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup? Let him take the old reliable; and stop swearing. Price 25 cents.

* Pure Saltpetre—ground or crystal—15 cents a pound, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Phila., Pa. Ease at once, no operation or business delay. Thousands cured. Send for circulars.

Wanamaker's

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, Oct. 29, 1888

HEADQUARTERS FOR PLUSHES IS HERE. NO DOUBT OF THAT.

More carefully than ever (if possible) we have prepared our line of Seal Skin Plushes, made for us by the most celebrated manufacturer of these goods in the world. We have been using his make for the past six years. Last year we sold thousands and thousands of garments of various styles made from these Plushes. At the end of the season, for trifling reasons, EIGHT HAD BEEN RETURNED. What better proof of quality and worth could there be?

But we don't rest with that. We guarantee everything to be best—

price guaranteed
style guaranteed
wear guaranteed
workmanship guaranteed

Every garment made by men tailors and just as the finest seal skins are treated. This is how:

1.—The Plush is thoroughly steamed.
2.—Each piece as it is cut is pasted separately on moulds and properly blocked, shaped and fitted.
3.—While being made up each garment is subjected to a most beneficial process of dry steaming.

We use only the best satin linings, warranted to wear.

The gist of the whole business is just this:
Our stock is complete in every desirable style and shape.
We believe that you can be served here better than anywhere else.

Jackets. Ten styles—
One—Made of our guaranteed Seal Skin Plush, with best satin lining, silk sewed, chamois pocket, etc.
$10.00

Wraps. Twenty-five styles—
One—Made of our guaranteed Seal Skin Plush, best satin lining, quilted or plain long front, full sleeves; trimmed all around with seal plush fringe, handsome ornament in front.
$10.00
Another—Our guaranteed Seal Skin Plush, with elegant double pendant fringe and trimming of silk braid, three rows down front, and two rows up back.
$15.00

Modjeskas. Ten styles—
One—Our guaranteed Seal Skin Plush, very long front, trimmed all around with silk seal fringe; best satin lining; bell sleeves, faced with silk plush; handsome Real Seal ornament in front.
$16.00

Coats. Twenty styles—
One—Our Guaranteed Seal Skin Plush, seamless back, precise copy of the real Seal; fine quality quilted satin lining; four Real Seal ornaments in front; full cuffs, rolling collar; beautifully finished.
$15.00

These to start with. There's a store full with prices just as unusual.

Stuffs for every taste; extravagant ... couple at little cost that stand for hundreds:

Pin-head Check. Just the color you are asking for. All wool, good weight. Made to sell at 50c.—THE PRICE IS 28c.

A cotton-and-wool Melange. Hard, wiry, and as tough a stuff as you'll come across. You know these goods well. They are the kind you keep coming for. We've sold tons in the seasons gone and never for less than 27½c. 34 inches wide, in 4 medium shades, and the price 25c.

Nottingham Curtains are machine made, but the imitation of hand-worked swiss, Brussels, or Antique Lace is now so close that you can't trust your eyes a little way off. Very good $1, best $8.50 pair.

Madras Curtains have the grace of Lace and an added color effect that gives richness and warmth. $1.50 to $6 a pair. Cream, terra-cotta, lemon, blue, and bright tints.

Madras Bed Sets—cover and two shams—$5.

Madras by the yard, 36 to 60 inches, 20c. to $1.50.

Silk Striped Curtains, some with Madras effects, $6 to $20.

Sash Net is a new sash curtain stuff. Very strong and oddly pretty. White or ecru. 30 inches, 25c.

Canvas, or Fancy Striped Scrim, comes in some quaint styles. Spider-web weave is one of the oddest. 48 inches 25 to 45c.

And so the story goes. We have hardly begun to see these light, bright things. There's maybe a quarter acre more of only curtains.

Plenty of the Women's 12½c Plain White Initial Handkerchiefs just now, and a lot not quite so good at 10c. Unlaundered, but still one of the wonders of the handkerchief trade.

A big edition of our illustrated "Housekeeping Art" went out with a rush. Ten thousand more just here. Practical hints for beautifying the home and some price telling that will come handy. To be had in the Furniture Department, or sent to your address for the asking.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Bristol Advertisements

SHOES! SHOES!

STRICTLY ONE PRICE.

A large stock of Gents', Boys', Youths', Ladies' Misses' and Children's Fall and Winter Shoes. I have taken great pains to select the best styles and quality, at lowest prices.

Gents' Shoes.
A good sewed shoe, Lace, Button or Congress, for $2.00.
A fine Calf Shoe, Lace or Congress, $2.50, 3.00, 3.50, and 4.00.
Extra fine calf hand sewed Common Sense, $5.00
Policemen's Shoes, $2.50.

Boys' Shoes.
Boys' stylish calf shoes, Lace and Button, sizes 2½ to 5½, $1.75, 2.00, 2.50 and 3.00.

Youths' Shoes.
Youths' Calf, Lace or Button, sizes 11 to 2—$1.25, 1.50, 1.75, 2.00 and 2.25.

Ladies' Shoes.
Ladies' Fine Kid, round or common sense toe, worked button-holes, $1.75 and 2.00.
Old Ladies' Kid Lace shoes, $2.00 and 2.50.
Oil Pebble Button shoes, 1.25, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50.
Best Dongola Kid, round, square and common sense toe, $3.25 and 3.50.
Finest Paris Kid, hand-sewed, $4.00 and 5.00.
Handsome straight grain foxed, Kangaroo top, hand-sewed, $5.00.
Genuine cork sole and water-proof lining, hand-sewed, $5.50.
A splendid line of French Calf, Button and Lace, $6.00 and 7.00.

Misses' Shoes.
Misses' Pebble Shoes, heels and springs, sizes 11 to 2, $1.25.
Misses' Fine Kid, high cut, heels and springs, $1.50, 1.75 and 2.00.
Misses' Calf foxed shoes, wedge heels, $2.50.
Misses' straight grain shoes, heels and springs, $2.50.
Misses' fine high cut Lace, $2.00.

Children's Shoes.
Child's Kid and Pebble, heels or springs, sizes 8 to 10½, worked button-holes, $1.00, 1.25, 1.50 and 1.75.
Child's straight grain, spring heels, $2.00.
Child's Calf foxed, spring heels, $2.00.
Child's straight grain, spring heels, sizes 4 to 8, $1.50.
Child's Kid and Pebble, spring heels, sizes 4 to 8, 75c, 90c, $1.00, 1.25 and 1.50.
Infants' Shoes, 50c., 75c., $1.00 and 1.25.

MEN'S BOOTS—$2.50, 3.00 and 3.50.
RUBBER BOOTS AND SHOES—Measures taken.

Remember we have no old stock. Call and see for yourself, at

T. A. FARLEY'S,
No. 3, Bath Street, Bristol.

YOUNG'S DRUG STORE,
55 Bath St., Bristol, Pa.

We have on hand a large & well selected stock of Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals, Perfumery & Toilet Articles, White Lead, Oils & Varnishes.

Agent for the sale of Nice & Raw's Ready Mixed Paints.

These Paints are guaranteed to be the best in this market.

We give personal attention to the compounding of Physician's Prescriptions, at all hours, day or night, and guarantee PURITY and ACCURACY always.

THE MISSES CABEEN
WILL RE-OPEN THEIR SCHOOL
Wednesday, September 19, 1888.

JOHN NIMON,
DEALER IN FINE
Groceries, Provisions, Fruit & Vegetables,
FRESH DAILY.
My Teas and Coffees are the Best.
COR. RADCLIFFE & WALNUT STS.

HOGUET'S
WHOLESALE & RETAIL
Pioneer Drug Store!
Nos. 13 & 15 Mill (Main) Street, Bristol Pa.
The Oldest and Largest in Bucks County.
(ESTABLISHED IN 1814.)
By the present proprietor.
A large stock of first class Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Toilet Articles, Soaps, Brushes, Perfumery, Patent Medicines, Sponges, Chamois Skins, Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty, Varnishes, Dye Stuffs, Diamond Dyes, &c.
Also SPICES of all kinds, WARRANTED PURE, at low prices.
☞Physicians' Prescriptions Accurately Compounded.
L. A. HOGUET
Druggist and Pharmacist.

T. W. & C. J. Patton,
Wholesale and retail dealer in
BEST BRANDS OF
Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, &c.
No. 6 Mill St., Bristol, Pa.,
We are in receipt of the following brands of cigars from our factory, 5th 1st district: "CIGARROS", guaranteed full Havana filler, Sumatra wrapper.
Specialties of P. LORRILARD & CO'S, WILSON & McCULLAY'S, BUCHANAN & LYALL'S Plug and Cut Tobaccos.
NORTH STAR.
And other brands of superior, Cut Tobaccos on hand in large quantities.
"THE ORIGINAL BRISTOL BOY," The leading straight 5 cent cigar in the market.
"THE CAPTAIN." The same price and equally good in quality.
"DELICIOSOS," Seed and Havana, Connecticut binder, and Sumatra wrapper.
Give the above brands a trial. Guaranteed to be as represented or no sale. Give them a trial and you will always buy.
Prices guaranteed to compete with any wholesale house in Philadelphia or New York.
Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

BURTON'S EXPRESS.
JOSHUA BURTON
is at all times prepared to do jobs of
HAULING
of every description, and at prices to suit the times.
Furniture handled with care.
Orders left at Kelley's Cigar Store, No. 68 Mill street, will receive prompt attention.

Jas. Warden,
—DEALER IN—
CHOICE GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS, FLOUR, TEAS, COFFEES AND SPICES.
Corner of Pond & Penn Streets.
BRISTOL, PA

To the Citizens of Bristol—
HAVING OPENED A
Stove & Tin Store,
COR. MILL AND POND STS.,
You will find there all kinds of
House Furnishing Goods,
—INCLUDING—
TINWARE of all kinds, Dairy-ware, Agate-ware.
Tin Roofing and Spouting
Promptly attended to, and executed in the neatest manner, with the best materials.
Plumbing and Gas Pipe Fitting
In all its branches. All kinds of repair work, pertaining to Heaters, Stoves, Wash Paves, Tinware, etc., at short notice.
Water and Steam Pipes repaired.
Milk Cans made to order.
Estimates cheerfully furnished to contractors, at
LIPPINCOTT'S.

"I CHIDE NOT AT THE SEASONS."

I chide not at the seasons, for if Spring,
With backward look refuses to be fair,
My love even more than April makes me sing,
And bears May blossoms in the bleak March air.
Should Summer fail its tryst, or June delay
To wreathe my porch with roses red and pale,
Her breath is sweeter than the new mown hay,
Her touch more clinging than the woodbine's trail.

Let Autumn like a spendthrift waste the year,
And reap no harvest save the fallen leaves;
My love still ripeneth, though she grows not sere,
And smiles enthroned on my piled up sheaves.
And last, when miser Winter docks the days,
She warms my heart and keeps my hopes ablaze.

—Alfred Austin.

Bavaria's Crazy Royal Family.

On the other hand the Bavarian people are strongly attached to their royal family, the ancient line of Wittelsbacher, and will hear no ill word as to the late crazy king. The taint of insanity seems to have spread. The present king is hopelessly mad. His chief amusement is shooting from his windows at passers by—with blank cartridges, of course. Men are hired for the purpose to pass by and and fall as if dead.

They are a curious and erratic people. Ludwig I was expelled by the people for his connection with the famous Lola Montez, the Aspasia of modern times, who ruled Bavaria through her infatuated lover, the king. Another scion of the house, Herzog Ludwig von Baiern, son of the dissolute old "Max," has recently married an actress, thereby forfeiting the title to a large estate. It has, however, made him very popular with the masses. He is a tall, thin, military looking man, and travels about with a young officer who seems to be very proud of being in such good company. At every step the people line up and wait for them to pass. The duke salutes. If the persons saluted are officers they return it; otherwise not. They say he and his actress live happily together.—Cor. Chicago Globe.

Advice to a Young Man.

Never whip your brain. All high pressure is dangerous. Study to think as quietly and as easily as you breathe. Never force yourself to learn what you have no talent for. Knowledge without love will remain a lifeless manufacture, not a living growth. Be content to be ignorant of many things that you may know one thing well, and that the thing which God specially endowed you to know. It requires fire to fuse the materials of thinking, no less than to melt the iron in the foundry.

But remember this, however strong you may be, physically, to strike a blow, and however sharp, intellectually, to recognize a fact and discern a difference, your success in the game of life depends on the serious culture which you give to the third formative force in human character, your moral nature; and of the rightful supremacy of this element a comprehensive expression is found in the right simple word, love. On this all prophets, poets and philosophers are agreed.—Professor Blackie.

The Dying Suffer Not.

The act of dying, it is now ascertained, is absolutely free from suffering; it is really unconscious, insensibility always preceding it. Any anguish that may attend mortal illness ceases before the close, as thousands who have recovered, after hope had been surrendered, have borne witness. Sudden and violent death, shocking to the senses, may not be, probably is not, painful to the victim. Drowning, hanging, freezing, shooting, falling from a height, poisoning of many kinds, beget stupor or numbness of the nerves, which is incompatible with sensation. Persons who have met with such accidents, and survived them, testify to this. Records to the effect are numberless.—Junius H. Browne in The Forum.

A Child's Funeral in Spain.

The funeral of a dead child is one of the spectacles in Toledo always impressing foreigners as strange. A priest leads the procession, after him walking a boy who carries the coffin on his head, keeping it in place by his lifted hands. Then follows a crowd of boys, girls and men carrying lighted candles. No matter how brightly the sun may be shining the candles are burning as though it were dark. In the midst of the candle bearers is borne a bier on which is the body of the dead. There are no signs of grief, the bearers of the corpse chatting and gossiping with the candle carriers and sometimes threatening to roll the remains off the bier by failing to carry it carefully.—Cor. Globe-Democrat.

The Family Currant Bushes.

Forty years ago around every family garden stood a row of currant bushes, loaded every year with wholesome fruit. During the harvest time they furnished an appetizing relish with every meal, and, dried in the sun, they were kept by the prudent housekeeper through the winter, and were frequently seen on the tea table or supplied as a relish for the sick. But this fruit is now rarely seen in the farm or village garden. The borer and caterpillar have destroyed the bushes throughout the land, except when gardeners have had pluck enough to destroy these insects each year as soon as they came.—Chicago News.

What Some Poets Look Like.

I observe that paragraphists, mostly of the female gender, scarcely ever mention Mr. Browning's name without an expression of surprise at his personal appearance. They wonder to find him clean, well dressed, trim, like an ordinary English gentleman. They say he looks "more like a physician than a poet." What should a poet look like? Like Lord Tennyson, who is a cross between a Guy Fawkes and the mysterious recluse of a transpontine melodrama; like Lord Houghton, who resembled a jolly old Silenus; like Lord Lytton (Owen Meredith), who looks Hebraic and modest, and is neither; like Mortimer Collins, who might have passed for a handsome head gardener; or O. W. Holmes, who has a touch of the wizened groom; or Frederick Locker, an antiquated Lord Verisopht; or William Morris, like Longfellow's blacksmith without his good temper; or Longfellow himself, of whom I have a portrait in his prebarbed days, which is decidedly commercial in its aspect? Many writers look like physicians; a shorter Thackeray, gray, bland and spectacled, would have had immense success with hypochondriac old women; James Payn is very doctor like; Wilkie Collins might be a professor of analytical chemistry. On the other hand, there is a laissez aller air about certain physicians—Dr. Kidd, for example—which is highly poetical.—London World.

Prove Your Manhood.

Society is not very particular what a man does so that it proves him to be a man; it will then bow to him and make room for him.—J. G. Holland.

For a man who has got to walk ten miles up hill, carrying a box of lead, there can be no objection to his eating cold slaw.

And Cassius Answers Them Not.

The Democratic campaign managers cry out to the federal office holders: "Help us, cash us, or we sink!"

Reading Is the Key.

Reading is the key that admits us to the whole world of thought and fancy and imagination; to the company of saint and sage, and of the wisest and the wittiest at the wisest and wittiest moment. It enables us to see with the keenest eyes, hear with the finest ears, and listen to the sweetest voices of all time.—Magazine of American History.

Might Have Known So.

When the storms of life are upon us, we forget that they pass successively away; and when they are gone, we wonder that we should not have been calmed and composed by this long known truth.—Bar-Homan.

Concerning Agreements.

An oral agreement must be proved by evidence. A written agreement proves itself. The law prefers written to oral evidence, because of its precision.

Some build rather upon the abusing of others, and putting tricks upon them, than upon soundness of their own proceedings.—Lord Bacon.

There is nothing that will tend so strongly to the elevation and purification of young man as female society.—J. G. Holland.

Miscellaneous

Be Sure

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. A Boston lady, whose example is worthy imitation, tells her experience below: "In one store where I went to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla the clerk tried to induce me buy their own instead of Hood's; he told me their's would last longer; that I might take it on ten

To Get

days' trial; that if I did not like it I need not pay anything, etc. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I had taken Hood's Sarsaparilla, knew what it was, was satisfied with it, and did not want any other. When I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was feeling real miserable with dyspepsia, and so weak that at times I could hardly

Hood's

stand. I looked like a person in consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me so much good that I wonder at myself sometimes, and my friends frequently speak of it." MRS. ELLA A. GOFF, 61 Terrace Street, Boston.

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BUTTER and CHEESE,
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NOTICE
TO
DELINQUENT TAX PAYERS.
The duplicates of delinquent borough and school taxes have been placed in my hands for collection. I hereby give notice that all taxes must be paid within sixty days from the date of this notice, or execution for the same will be issued with cost. OFFICE: 81 BATH STREET. OFFICE HOURS:—Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, and every evening.
H. H. SMITH, Collector.
Bristol, Pa., October 1, 1888.

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The Bucks County Gazette.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second-class matter.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1888.

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,
GEN. BENJAMIN HARRISON, Of Indiana.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
LEVI P. MORTON, of New York.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS:

At Large—LEWIS PUGHE..........Lackawanna.
THOMAS DOLAN.........Philadelphia.

1 John H. Taggart,	15. John H. Grant,
2 John Wanamaker,	16. Wilson C. Kress,
3 Robert P. John,	17. David W. Clark,
4 Wm. C. Hamilton,	18. G. W. Hutchinson,
5. John S. McKinley,	19. John C. Lower,
6 Jos. R. T. Coates,	20. Jeremiah K. Miller,
William S. Ellis,	21. George J. Elliott,
[illegible] Pirchot,	22. Harry S. Paul,
Samuel L. Kurtz,	23. George Shiras, Jr.,
1[illegible] [illegible] Griest,	24. P. S. Newmyer,
11 William Connell,	25. John W. Wallace,
1[illegible] Wm. G. Payne,	26. J. C. Sturtevant,
1[illegible] Peter E. Buck,	27. Joseph Thos. Jones,
1[illegible]. Henry M. Bechtel,	28. L. M. Truxal,

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE,
HON. JAMES T. MITCHELL, Of Philadelphia.

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL,
THOMAS McCAMANT, of Blair Co.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET.

FOR CONGRESS,
ROBERT M. YARDLEY, of Doylestown.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
MAHLON H. STOUT, of Hulmeville.

PROTHONOTARY,
R. CHESTER STOVER, of Tinicum.

ASSEMBLY,
JOHN G. WEINBERGER, of Milford.
WILLIAM M. ELY, of Solebury.
WILSON H. TOWNSEND, of Bensalem.

JURY COMMISSIONER,
JOSEPH MILNOR, of Middletown.

DIRECTOR OF THE POOR,
ALONZO NICHOLAS, of Nockamixon.

THE arm of the laborer who works for George Ross is appended to the body of an unnaturalized Hungarian.

GEORGE Ross tried to keep the right of suffrage from the colored man. Where is the colored man who will not resent that unworthy act?

THE hopeful feeling of Harrison's success on the part even of those Republicans who are most critical and conservative in observing the situation, is one of the interesting signs of the times.

THE administration sent to England to buy blankets for the United States army. Just as good, if not better, blankets could have been bought at home. This comes of having a pro British Executive.

WATCH out for "Burchard" and "Morey Letter" roorbacks in these closing days of the campaign. They may not take an old form, but the Democratic managers are discouraged, defeated, and not particularly scrupulous.

IF you wish to snuff the candle of free trade, blow out the Democratic party. Perhaps it would be better to say that the Democratic party is the candle stick that holds the free trade candle. If this candle should come in contact with American industries, how surely it would scorch, burn, and consume them.

LET the solid North crush the free trade idol of the solid South. The sixth of November will be the day. If the solid South should gain a victory, there will be greater rejoicing over the prospective fall of protection, than there was over the fall of Sumpter. Let its free trade idol meet the fate that befel its idol of slavery.

CAST your vote for protection and the fair wages fostered by protection. Vote for congressman Yardley and you will be sure of voting to protect American industries and against the first steps towards free trade. Protection favors prosperity, assures employment, guarantees good wages, and is the workman's best friend. Guard it with your votes as you would shield your homes.

AN AMERICAN who has been in London since last December, and engaged much of his time in the study of social questions, writes: "It is estimated that out of 908,000 people in East London 314,000 may be said to be unemployed, as they have no regular work; that South London is almost in the same condition, and that North London is not much better off." We may ask what is the benefit of the cheapness of English commodities to this vast mass of miserable English people?

A LARGE manufacturer of cloaks puts the case this way: "As long as the tariff remains at anything like the present figures, we will do our manufacturing in this country and pay our hands from $2 to $5 for making a cloak. If the tariff is reduced to a Free Trade basis, we will have our garments made in Berlin, where we can get the work done from 50 cents to $1 each." If a man can not understand the benefits of a protective tariff to the interests of this country with such an illustration as this before him, he is too much of an idiot to be allowed to vote.

SHOULD the Mills bill become a law, and the articles therein mentioned be put on the free list, there will at once begin a readjustment of things. The home manufacturer competing with the foreign product admitted free must have a reduction of wages. The employees will oppose it, but the end is inevitable—the wages must come down, the mills stop, or the employer be bankrupted. Once make iron ore free, and this contest will immediately begin in every ore operation in this country. Cleveland's election would inaugurate this contest. Laboring men, do you desire it?

BEFORE another issue of the GAZETTE reaches its readers the great campaign of 1388 will be at an end. The various committee rooms and headquarters will be clear of its rubbish and the excitement will have in a large degree died away. This campaign will be long remembered as the great tariff campaign and when the result is known to the world that the American voter proposes to support and maintain American industries, even the rank and file of the Democratic party will feel better, feel safer and more content than if the result of the election should have been in favor of a reduction of the tariff. In Bucks County the political meetings of both parties have been well attended, our voters seemed to be anxious to hear the discussion of the issues and we think they are prepared to vote intelligently and consistently with their views; the country will take the result as the best judgment of the majority of the voters.

QUESTIONS WHICH GEORGE ROSS DECLINED TO ANSWER.

If he had been in Congress would he have voted for the Mills bill?

Does he have in his employ an unnaturalized Hungarian hostler?

Did he vote in the Constitutional Convention, along with seven other men, to insert the word "white" in the State constitution and thereby attempt to deprive the colored man of his right to vote?

Did he vote in the Constitutional Convention against the right of the soldiers to vote in the field?

He was charged with doing all this by Mr. B. F. Gilkeson in his speech in Evans' Hall, but as yet he has failed to answer.

ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE FENCE.

Our Democratic friends dislike to be told that they are in favor of free trade. The merest suggestion afflicts them with an active and unmitigated attack of madness. Let us be lenient. Let us humor their tender sensibilities. Let us modify the phraseology and put it in a new form, to which they ought not to object. We will simply say that the followers of Cleveland are not all in favor of free trade, but all the free traders are followers of Cleveland. They are all hitched to the same cart, traveling the same road, and bound for the same destination. Some of them, governed by extreme prudence, walk exceedingly close to the fence of protection, but they are all on the free trade side of the fence.

TRYING TO CHANGE THE SPOTS OF THE LEOPARD.

Fie, Fie, Mr. Ross! Don't be forever trying to make the Democratic party seem to be what it is not. Don't deny it's leading trait. Don't say it is not in favor of Free Trade. It favors Free Trade as much as it has the courage to favor it. As far as it dare go in that path it goes. It's head is turned that way. Its tail must follow. There is no escape. If all the Free Traders of the country should hold up their hands, those hands would belong to Democrats. They will deposit Cleveland votes. Those votes will accord with the sympathies of the voters. Free Trade is a blood-relation to a Cleveland ballot. You might as well say that there are no Free Traders in the United States. There are, and they are for Cleveland. They are in the Democratic party, of the party, and for the party. They give that party its real character. Take them out of it and your thoughts would turn to something akin to "a beggarly account of empty boxes." You might as well have said in the days of Southern slavery that the Democratic party was not in favor of slavery. That party was the prop, the reliance, the stronghold, the vital defender, and the sustaining power of slavery. And that party is the only political body in which Free Trade blood circulates in these United States of America.

A SHORT DIALOGUE.

Son—Father, what is Free Trade?

Father—Free Trade, my son, is like letting down the bars so that the cattle can get in the harvest field, destroy the prospects of the laborer, and nip the winter's loaf in the bud.

Son—What is the Republican party?

Father—The Republican party believes in keeping up the fence, not only to give work to the laborer, but to save the harvest.

Son—And what is the Democratic party?

Father—The Democratic party is careful to keep up the fences around the rice-fields and sugar plantations; but in other directions, like the case of the donkey dancing among the chickens, every fellow must look out for himself. It strains at a grain of rice and swallows a sheep.

Son—I should think the sheep would choke it.

Father—If the sheep does not choke it we may expect to see it smothered in its bed of free wool.

Son—What is the Democratic party after, any way?

Father—The Democratic party is chiefly anxious to get up a forced match between the Goddess of Protection and the Lion of Free Trade.

Son—Wouldn't the Lion eat up the Goddess?

Father—Yes; the hungry Lion would soon devour the fair Goddess, but it will not have the chance. "Uncle Sam," the maiden's father, will give the Democratic party a piece of his mind on the 6th of November, and this will disturb the peace of mind of the Free Trade Lion; and the big man at the head of the party will wish he had never interfered with the househould arrangements of the Goddess of Protection. He will try to bury his dire fate in a deep sleep, then he will only dream of whirlwinds, thunderbolts, blizzards, cyclones, and such things, and sad will be his sleep.

THE vote of a soldier who votes for George Ross is the vote of a man who would be willing to have that right taken from him while in the field in defense of his country.

THE vote of the colored man who votes for George Ross is the vote of a man who would consign his race to the condition it was before the rebellion.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—Vote early!

—Go hear Clark!

—"Dinna ye hear the slogan?"

—Quay makes Democrats quake.

—The coal-dealers are busy these days.

—The Mill street canal bridge is being repaired.

—That little rooster will be very sick next Wednesday.

—There's music in the air. "Good-by, Grover, Good-by!"

—The Republican parade will be after the meeting at the Opera House on Saturday night.

—The Glee Club will sing several original songs at the Opera House next Saturday evening.

—James Brudon has bought one of DeWitt Brothers new houses on Pond street, for $1,400.

—The sewer on Mill street at Brown's corner is being repaired under direction of the Street Committee.

—J. S. Wright has sold to Nelson Jarvis, for $4,500, one of the new brick buildings on Radcliffe street, opposite the Peirce School property.

—B. F. Gilkeson, Esq., spoke at Richboro on Tuesday night last to a very large concourse of people. To-night he goes to Richlandtown.

—Lewis Spring is making a large addition to his residence on Bath street: a new front is being put in and a two-story back building is being added.

—Mr. W. S. Wright, President of the Young Men's Republican Club of Bristol, made an able address to the Newtown Republican Club last Tuesday evening.

—Hon. H. J. Shoemaker spoke to an immense throng of people at Carversville on Tuesday evening last. To-morrow evening he speaks at Dublin, and Saturday at Erwinna.

—Henry M. Dubois, Esq., a prominent Philadelphia lawyer, will speak before the Young Men's Republican Club of Bristol, at Evans' Hall, this evening. Mr. Dubois is an excellent speaker. All are invited to attend.

—The Bristol Electric Light and Power Company has purchased of Joshua Peirce a lot on Washington street, near Canal street, upon which to place their building. John N. DeGroot has the contract for erecting the building, which will be of frame, 32x51 feet, with a wing 8x22 feet. J. S. Wright will do the mason work.

—The Republican Executive Committee have rented the Opera House for Tuesday evening next, and will run a special wire to that place from which to receive the election returns. The Republicans of Bristol and vicinity are invited to avail themselves of this opportunity to hear the election news at the earliest possible moment.

—A special meeting of the borough council was held last Tuesday evening. The contract between the borough and the Electric Light Company was made in accordance with the Electric Light Co's proposition and an ordinance passed permitting the erection of poles in the streets and the placing of wires thereon.

—Charles Heber Clark will speak in the Opera House on Saturday evening in reply to Mr. Ross. Mr. Clark should not bear down too heavy on that gentleman, for he did the best he knew how. Mr. Clark will make a good speech, and every citizen of Bristol and vicinity, Republican, Democrat, or Prohibitionist, will be well repaid by going to hear him.

—George Ross says that unplaned lumber in the yard is raw material. George Ross does not know that 1000 feet of unplaned white pine boards, costing $35, has had $30 expended upon it for labor. He says that $2 duty should be taken off the tree because man never made it. He apparently does not know that there is no duty upon trees; and yet George Ross wants to go to Congress to legislate upon the tariff.

George Ross says that tin-plate cannot be produced in this country and that the attempt to do so was a failure. He does not know that the manufacture of tin-plate in this country was successfully established and would have been a prosperous industry at this time, but was entirely destroyed by a reduction of the tariff; and yet George Ross wants to go to Congress and legislate upon the tariff.

George Ross says that wool is raw material. He does not know that 1,000,000 men are employed in raising wool in this country, at $35 per month wages, while the same work is done in the Argentine Republic at $3 per month, and this is the competition he offers the American farmer; and yet George Ross wants to go to Congress and legislate upon the tariff.

George Ross demands the removal of duties from the goods consumed by the poor man, and yet has not a word to say about the 82 per cent. duty on sugar which is consumed to a greater extent by the poor man than any other commodity, and yet George Ross wants to go to Congress and legislate upon the tariff.

George Ross says that the rich man's cloth pays 50 cents a yard duty and the poor man's cloth $1.50. George evidently has never read the tariff schedule; and yet he wants to go to Washington and legislate upon the tariff.

George Ross says the tariff is a tax added to the cost of the goods and paid by the consumer. George apparently does not know that American calico, equal or superior to that costing in England 5 cents a yard and paying a duty of 5 cents, is sold in New York at 5 cents a yard; and yet George wants to go to Washington and legislate upon the tariff.

George Ross says the tariff is a tax added to the cost of all goods and paid by the consumer. Grover Cleveland paid $5 tariff duty on an English pup for his wife, thereby adding $5 to the cost of every poor man's pup; and yet George Ross asks the poor man to vote for Grover Cleveland for President, and to send him to Congress to legislate on the tariff.

A DENIAL.

The Doylestown Democrat alleges that B. F. Gilkeson, Esq., has been abusing Mr. Ross. This Mr. Gilkeson denies in a letter to the editor of that paper, and which is published in last Tuesday's Democrat. It is as follows:

BRISTOL, PA., October 24, 1888.

My Dear General:—I was very much astonished to find in your newspaper this morning, an article charging me with abusing Mr. Ross personally in my political speeches. Inasmuch as in every speech I have made this campaign I have taken pains to say that Mr. Ross was a gentleman, a good lawyer, and that I had not one word to say against him personally, I cannot possibly imagine how any one can charge me with having abused Mr. Ross personally. I have in no speech said anything which I would hesitate to say in the presence of Mr. Ross. I have a high regard for Mr. Ross personally, and that is the reason why I depart from that which has with me heretofore been an unbending custom never to answer any article in a newspaper. I trust your sense of fair play will lead you to give this letter as prominent a place in your newspaper as that in which the charge was made. With much regard, I am, yours, truly,

B. F. GILKESON.

Phosphates in Baking Powders.

Prof. H. C White, State Chemist of Georgia, gave this subject attention, and wrote: "I have been familiar for a number of years with the general character of Prof. Horsford's phosphatic preparations. Recent examinations made by me of his baking powder (Rumford Yeast Powder) show it to be exactly what is claimed for it. When mixed with water a double phosphate is formed and remains in the bread when baked. In ordinary cream of tartar baking powders the substance left in the bread after raising is rochelle salts—a double tartrate. The phosphates are useful substances in animal nutrition and growth—the tartrates are not. In my opinion, the phosphatic powder is, therefore, preferable to the others, so far as healthfulness is concerned."

*BRINGING GLADNESS to millions, pleasing their palates and cleansing their systems, arousing their Livers, Kidneys, Stomachs, and Bowels to a healthy activity. Such is the mission of the famous California liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs. John K. Young 55 Bath street, Bristol.

GEORGE ROSS AT THE OPERA HOUSE.

There was quite a big crowd at the Opera House on Monday evening. The seats in the body of the room were all filled, and the galleries were also used to accommodate a portion of the audience. In the rear of the seats several groups of men and boys were gathered. Some thirty or more Democrats and a short-hand reporter occupied the stage.

At 8 o'clock Mr. Thomas Patton, proprietor of the Bristol House, and Chairman of the Democratic Committee, arose, and announced that John C. Stuckert, Esq., had consented to act as chairman of the meeting. John is not very active in political matters now-a-days, finding, as he says, that as a business politics is not as remunerative as practising law. He, however, made a little speech, which could not be heard by at least half the audience, and introduced the Hon. George Ross as the first speaker of the evening. Mr. Ross was evidently pleased to see a good sized audience before him. He referred to the matter several times, as if he had not been in the habit of speaking to such during the present campaign. We are glad that George was pleased, for George is Bucks county's favorite Democratic son, and Bristol Democrats rejoice when they can gain the approbation of their distinguished leader.

It did not take Mr. Ross long to reach the subject of the tariff in his speech. He began by saying that he was not in favor of Free Trade. Neither, said he, was the Democratic platform in favor of Free Trade; nor was the President's message last December in favor of Free Trade; nor were Democrats, generally, in favor of Free Trade. Having said this much, he then advocated the admission of wool into this country free of duty, also of lumber, of salt, and other articles. He neglected to mention rice or sugar, articles that now pay heavy duties, but as they are produced in the Southern States George forgot to mention them this year. Four years ago, when George was the Democratic candidate for Congress, he made a speech in Bristol and was especially solicitous that the tax should be taken from sugar. The exemption of sugar from tariff duties then was dwelt upon so strongly that free sugar appeared to be Mr. Ross' favorite hobby. He has evidently changed his mind since then. This year he is in favor of protecting the Southern planter and ruining the Northern wool-grower and the Northern lumberman.

"The Tariff is a tax on the consumer," said Mr. Ross. "Go to England," said he, "and buy cloth for $10; at New York pay a duty of $5 on it and the cost then becomes $15. The consumer has to pay it." "The rich man's cloth is taxed 50 cents a yard," said George, "and the poor man's cassimere $1.50." Is it so? We have taken the trouble to inquire

Mr. James Wright, of Bristol, deals in material for clothing. He says he sells first-class all wool cloth manufactured in this country for from 75c. to 85c. a yard, and an imported cloth of good quality for $1.50. These figures obtained at a retail establishment at home show that Mr. Ross' argument that the tariff is a tax upon the consumer is not sound.

The Government's blanket transaction is well known. The Government wanted 2,000 blankets for the army. It advertised for them in a London paper and a New York paper. The English bid was $4,504, without any duty. Government can import for its own use without paying duty. The duty added would have made the blankets cost $7,520. If Mr. Ross' theory is correct, the duty is always added to the cost, and the American bid should have been exactly the same as the foreign bid with the duty added. But, as a matter of fact, $5,120 was the American bid, just $2,400 less than the foreign cost with the duty added; and the Government of the United States sent over to England to buy supplies in order to save 30 cents on a pair of blankets. It will thus be seen that Mr. Ross' theory, which is the Democratic theory, that the consumer pays the tax, won't work, and that portion of his speech can be set aside without further illustration of its fallacy.

George next evinced a great interest in the workingman. He always does when his name is on the ticket. The employment of an unnaturalized Hungarian to take care of his horses is a further proof of his regard in that direction. To George Ross a Hungarian is as good as an Irishman, and infinitely superior to a colored man. He is willing that the Hungarian shall exercise rights of citizenship, while he has given his voice and vote against allowing the colored man to do so. His idea of the way to protect the workingman appears to be to reduce the tariff on manufactured goods, thereby compelling American manufacturers to close their mills or reduce the wages of workingmen. He said the subject of wages was merely a question of demand and supply, but he neglected to state how wages in the factory would be effected if that $1.50 a yard tax that he talked of was taken off! He failed to state how much a man would make if he was obliged to work on half time; he did not picture the luxury that would be found in the homes of the workmen if the mills were closed and no other avenue for employment could be found.

Mr. Ross next talked about intimidation. He had likely been reading in The Record a lot of "rot" about "terrorized" voters in Bristol, and he promised that he would, if called upon, devote his time and energy in securing such men their rights. It is safe to say that his services will not be needed this campaign.

Mr. Freed, the Democratic candidate for District Attorney, was introduced to the audience after Mr Ross had concluded. Mr. Freed struck several attitudes, explained why he could not be here when he was advertised to appear, said nothing in relation to the issues of the campaign, but dwelt more at length on how he talked to the Pennsylvania Dutch in the upper end in their native dialect—and sat down. Before half-past nine the meeting adjourned.

In point of numbers the meeting was a success. The speeches were not up to the average, and a large portion of the audience who expected to hear an eloquent address were sadly disappointed. But little enthusiasm was manifested, and if the bringing of Mr. Ross to Bristol was for the purpose of strengthening his canvas, it was a pronounced failure.

*Look before you leap in business, and think before you swallow—in medicine; but know once for all that Laxador is pre-eminently the liver regulator and blood purifier of the day. Price 25 cents.

Suffer not disappointment by employing too many "cures;" but for the diseases of infancy use Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup which never disappoints, and costs only 25 cents a bottle. At all druggists.

* Pure Ground Black Pepper, 40 cents a pound, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store,

A WORD TO FARMERS.

The Mills bill places on the free list wool, meat, flax, hemp, game, poultry and vegetables. Should the Free Traders be endorsed at the coming election, grain will undoubtedly be placed on the free list also. The favorite doctrine of the Free Traders is that the necessaries of life must be cheapened to the utmost. If it is necessary to have free wool that we may have cheap clothing, it is certainly equally necessary to have free wheat that we may have cheap bread.

Increased facilities for transportation the world over have developed new grain fields and vast pasture lands for cattle in foreign countries, from which the American farmer must be protected, unless he is to share the fate of the unhappy farmers of England and France. Millions of dollars have been recently spent in the construction of railroads in India to develop a vast wheat-growing country, where the laborers work for a few cents a day. The same is being done in Russia. America will never again have her former control of the wheat markets of Europe. With grain on the free list, we would find our markets flooded with Russian and Indian wheat whenever the price here was higher than in Europe, for the freight by sailing vessels from India is less than the charge by rail from Dakota. Grain would come as ballast without charge, as potatoes do now—to some extent—from Holland and Scotland and other places.

Free wool means the destruction of our flocks, for the freight from South America is less than that charged from the western end of New York or Pennsylvania to New York city or Philadelphia.

Under the Mills bill, Canada can pour her fruit and poultry and vegetables into our market, while she insults our fishermen and deprives them of the simplest accommodations on her own shores.

The northern farmer sells abroad only 5 per cent. of what he raises, for which he must take prices in competition with the producers of all the world, after having paid freight on his produce to the foreign market. He sells 95 per cent. of what he raises to his home market, which is—thanks to protection—the best market in the world to sell to, because of the diversified interests which have grown up under protection.

The southern farmer, having no home market at his door, prefers to raise the one staple, cotton, which he sells abroad, and to buy in return his goods in foreign markets; hence the Solid South demands Free Trade.

Land in New England is mostly poor, but it brings fair returns through the markets in its midst, furnished by the mills and workshops and protected industries of all kinds.

Land in the South, although much richer, naturally, than the New England soil, sells at low prices because of the absence of a home market for produce.

Under the Protective policy, 9,500,000 emigrants have arrived here since 1860—themselves furnishing an immense home market exclusively for the American farmer.

The celebrated Cobden Club of England, which is trying to open American markets to free English competition, has a maxim, "Divide and Conquer." Thus, wool is to be made free to-day, that the farmer may be deprived of his flocks and converted into a free-trader to demand free cloth and cheap clothing to-morrow; free cloth is to convert the mechanic and mill operator into free-traders, who in turn will demand free wheat and cheap flour. Thus is to be accomplished the destruction of Protection, with all its beneficent results.

With the farmers of America rests the responsibility of deciding on the 6th of November the issue of the day—Free Trade or Protection.

How He Advertised.

A gentleman, living in a small city in the West, had inherited consumption from his father, and the doctor told him he must die. He stopped taking their weakening physic and tried Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. In three months he was strong and well. The gentleman's neighbors knew how sickly he formerly was, and asked him to state in public how he had been cured. He advertised to lecture on a certain evening, in the public hall, and there was a large audience present. This was his lecture: A picture of himself, before, and one after, he tried the remedy, and five empty bottles of Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. He said nothing, but convinced his audience just the same.

It outrivals all— Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the fall and winter trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 per suit; and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

*A cold of unusual severity, which I took last autumn, developed into a difficulty decidedly catarrhal in all its characteristics, threatening a return of my old chronic malady, catarrh. One bottle of Ely's Cream Balm completely eradicated every symptom of that painful and prevailing disorder.—E. W. Warner, 165 Hudson st., Rochester, N.Y.

Catarrh.—For twenty years I was a sufferer from catarrh of the head and throat. By a few applications of Ely's Cream Balm I received decided benefit—was cured by one bottle.—Charlotte Parker, Waverly, N.Y.

*SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE—Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away," but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which we sell on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c. and $1.00. Trial size free. At all Druggists.

SYRUP OF FIGS—Is Nature's own true laxative. It is the most easily taken, and the most effective remedy known to Cleanse the System when Billious or Costive; to dispel Headaches, Colds, and Fevers; to Cure Habitual Constipation, Indigestion, Piles, etc. Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Company, San Francisco, Cal. John K. Young, agent, 55 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

*RINGING NOISES in the ears, sometimes a roaring, buzzing sound, are caused by Catarrh, that exceedingly disagreeable and very common disease. Loss of smell or hearing also result from catarrh. Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, is a peculiarly successful remedy for this disease, which it cures by purifying the blood. If you suffer from catarrh, try Hood's Sarsaparrilla, the peculiar medicine.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

*Dr. Theel, the renowned Specialist has cured more cases of special, kidney, blood and nervous diseases than all others combined. The power of healing that the Doctor possesses is no doubt due to his complete, practical knowledge of the allopathic, homœopathic and eclectic system of medicine. We would advise those suffering to consult him in person or by letter. Office 538 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

*THE HANDSOMEST LADY IN BRISTOL.—Remarked to a friend the other day that she knew Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and lungs was a superior remedy, as it stopped her cough instantly when others had no effect whatever. So to prove this and convince of its merit, any druggist will give you a Sample Bottle Free. Large size 50c and $1.

MARRIED.

WHITNEY—SLACK.—On the 17th of October, 1888, by Rev. I. D. King, at the parsonage of the Baptist Church, Mr. Carl H. Whitney of Bristol, Pa., and Miss Martha Slack, of Trenton, New Jersey.

New Advertisements

Going West!

PUBLIC SALE —OF— REAL ESTATE AND PERSONAL PROPERTY.

Will be sold at Public Sale on Thursday, NOVEMBER 8th, the property on Dorrance street, Bristol, second door above Wood street, adjoining property of John T. Thorn and others. The improvements are a good frame dwelling house 14x20 feet, with bay windows and veranda in front, and a two-story dining room 14x9 feet, also a two-story kitchen 10x12 feet, with bay window, divided into ten convenient rooms, and a bath room, four on the first floor, four on the second, and two on the third. The lot is 41 feet front and 141 feet deep, running back to a 20-alley, with a stable 12 by 16 feet thereon. A variety of fruit trees, grape-vines and flowers in the yard.

HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

Also at the same time and place will be sold the household goods of the subscriber, to-wit: One red plush parlor suit, nearly new; one walnut chamber suit, bureau, bedstead, tables, chairs, Brussels, ingrain and rag carpets, four stoves, four mattresses, looking-glasses, rocking chairs, pictures, window-shades, crockery ware, glass and tin ware, cooking utensils, etc., etc.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, sharp. Conditions will be made known by

JAMES J. STRADLING.

J. LOVETT, Auctioneer.
J. EDW. LOVETT, Clerk.

FOR SALE!

FRIDAY, NOV. 2, 1888, AT 10 O'CLOCK SHARP,

SEVENTY HEAD OF HORSES,

Ranging in age from four to seven years, and weighing from 1,000 to 1,500 pounds. These are the finest lot of horses ever offered at private or public sale in Philadelphia. These horses are all acclimated; have been used in my business during the past season. Also, twelve head of driving, road, and saddle horses, all family broken; some of them showing a 2.50 gait or better. Also, two mules, two Alderney cows, Caffray and Lane Carriages, phaeton and depot carriages, two coaches, road carts, six-spring business wagons, two large platform wagons, carrying 6,000; single and double harness. Sixty blankets, good as new, horse suits, etc.

Sold as the property of JOHN LYNCH,
3926 Girard Avenue, Philadelphia.
D. P. S. NICHOLS, Auctioneer.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of SARAH ANN BOGERT, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

EDWARD H. FOSTER, Executor.

An Ordinance

AUTHORIZING THE BRISTOL ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANY TO ERECT AND MAINTAIN POLES IN THE STREETS, LANES, AND ALLEYWAYS OF THE BOROUGH OF BRISTOL, AND TO PLACE WIRES THEREON:

Be it ordained and enacted by the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol, and it is hereby ordained and enacted by authority of the same, That from and after the passage of this ordinance, the Bristol Electric Light and Power Company be, and they are hereby authorized and empowered to erect and maintain poles in the streets, lanes and alleyways of the Borough of Bristol, and to place wires thereon, for the purpose of supplying electric light or power to such persons as may desire the same.

Provided, however, that the erection of the said poles shall be under the supervision of the Street Committee. And provided further, that the Burgess and Council shall at all times hereafter have the right to use the said poles for police and fire alarm purposes.

Enacted into an ordinance at the Council Chamber this 30th day of October, A. D., 1888.

F. FENIMORE, President.
Attest—J. WESLEY WRIGHT, Clerk.

His Conversion Was Too Sudden.

In proportion as the Canadians and English become satisfied that President Cleveland was "playing to the gallery" in his recent message, they begin to talk big and knit their brows and to attempt to rival Mr. Cleveland in gasconading and braggadocio. Sir Hector Langevin, the Canadian minister of public works, and Sir John Thompson, minister of justice, recently delivered political addresses in the province of Ontario, in which they plucked sundry feathers out of the American eagle's tail in revenge for the twist which Mr. Cleveland gave to the caudal appendage of the British lion; and one was just about as much in earnest as the other.

Sir Hector exhorted his constituents to be collected and clam while discussing President Cleveland's message, and said they should not resent too much hard names and hard words spoken against Canada; but he intimated that the sleeping lion might be aroused, and then there would be trouble. Sir John Thompson struck a higher note, and asserted that the citizens of Canada were in no mood to submit to the dictation of any foreign power, and that if Canadians were imposed upon it was their duty to uphold their rights and defend the honor of their country.

Across the water the message is looked at in a somewhat different light, but it is not regarded as anything very alarming.

The Whitehall Review criticises it in these words, after reviewing the action of the senate in rejecting the treaty:

"In a word, President Cleveland has lowered himself to the level of the senators and has forgotten dignity, statesmanship and everything else in an attempt to gain a party advantage over his opponents."

When the president wants to create a sensation he should have the claque better drilled. It has taken his foreign supporters some time to grasp the situation, and even now The Whitehall Review shows that it has not thoroughly learned its lesson, as it blurts out the truth too plainly and directly. The Canadian gentry appreciate the situation much better, it would seem, as they whoop it up just enough to keep up interest in the message.

Here at home, however, the message has fallen very flat. Americans laugh and wink and say: "Pretty good political dodge," but they decline to believe that Mr. Cleveland's sudden conversion to Americanism is genuine, or that it is intended to last longer than until the evening of the 6th of November.—San Francisco Chronicle.

TO ADVERTISERS.

A list of 1000 newspapers divided into STATES AND SECTIONS, will be sent on application—FREE.

To those who want their advertising to pay, we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our Select Local List.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
Newspaper Advertising Bureau,
10 Spruce street, New York.

C. F. Herrmann,

MANUFACTURER OF

FINE FURNITURE.

Upholstering a Specialty.

BRISTOL, P .

Stradling & Guyon,

GENERAL HOUSE PAINTERS,

—AND—

Hard Wood Finishers,

Washington street, next School House, Bristol

Miscellaneous

Rumford

YEAST POWDER,

"The Old Reliable."

Restores to the flour the nutritious phosphates lost in bolting. No other powder does this. It is healthful and nutritious. Put up in bottles.

$12.00 "Our Special" **$12.00**

Fall Overcoats

Unmatched and unequaled at this price. A much higher price is asked elsewhere for no better quality.

$13.50
Unexceptionable Good
Scotch Cheviot Suits
These could be sold at a much higher price, but the benefit of our good purchase is offered in making them at this low figure.

OUR STORES
1338 Chestnut St.
908 Walnut St.
PHILADELPHIA.
245 Broadway,
NEW YORK.
344 Washington St.
BOSTON.

$5.00
TROUSERS
Cut and made by Thompson's Patent System never fail to Fit Correctly.
The quality is sterling and without a fault. The styles and patterns most select.

E. O. THOMPSON,
Merchant Tailor, Clothier and Importer,
PHILADELPHIA. NEW YORK. BOSTON.

N. B.—Mail orders promptly executed,—write to our head store, 1338 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. Particulars and information how to obtain our popular clothing will be sent free of charge.

FULLY EQUIPPED

With the completion and opening of our new Eighth Street buildings—giving us many added conveniences, both for customers and our own people—we consider our establishment now fully equipped to serve the public as never before.

The consummation of these long-looked-for improvements not only enables us to enlarge the particular departments located in the new buildings, but to give additional space and added facilities to every other department throughout the house.

The Public are invited to visit us from this time forward, and inspect our new arrangements.

Strawbridge & Clothier,

EIGHTH AND MARKET STREETS,

PHILADELPHIA.

Special Notices

SELLING OFF At cost, owing to ill health, Dry Goods, Notions and Shoes. Corner Wood and Washington Streets.

BUYER. Persons desiring goods of any kind purchased in Philadelphia or New York can have orders promptly filled by applying to G. V. TITUS, 144 Radcliffe Street. Samples on hand.

JOHN BALLERJEAU is still at the old stand, No. 205 North Third street, Philadelphia, curing Malaria. If you feel miserable, yawn, shiver, have pain in the limbs, lose all ambition to do anything, have no appetite, are just dwindling away, these Powders will save you.

FOR SALE Two three-story houses seven rooms each on Linden street, new, well built convenient and cheap, easy terms. Apply to F. P. CRICHTON, 80 Mill street.

Legal Advertisements

ORPHANS' COURT SALE of VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

In pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court of Bucks county, will be sold on SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1888, at 2 o'clock, p. m., on the premises, situate in Falls township, Bucks county, Pa., all that House and lot of Land situate on the Philadelphia and Trenton Turnpike, in Falls township, aforesaid, containing 32 3-10 perches of land adjoining lands of William Dettrich and and estate David L. Way, deceased, and being the premises lately occupied by Thomas Booth, now deceased.

The improvements consist of a good 2½ story frame dwelling house, 16x28 feet, with 2 rooms on the first floor, 3 rooms and entry on second floor, with garret over head, and cellar under the house and frame kitchen attached, with pump of good water therein. The kitchen is 11x12 feet. Porches both front and back. There is also on the place a frame barn 24x10 feet, with stabling for 2 horses, also wood shed, chicken house, hog pen and all the necessary out-buildings. Plenty of good fruit trees upon the place. This property is in a good location and is well worth the attention of purchasers. Sale positive. Conditions made known on day of sale by

WILLIAM WISE,
Administrator of Thomas Booth, deceased.

In the Orphans' Court of Bucks County.

In the matter of the partition of the real estate of Ellen Cutler, late of the Borough of Bristol, deceased.

To the heirs of Ellen Cutler, deceased, Emma Cutler, alience of Hugh Kennedy, one of the said heirs, and to all others interested:

You are hereby notified that the said Court has granted the following rule:

And now, to wit—September 10, 1888. The Court grants a rule on all parties interested to be and appear at an Orphans' Court, to be held at Doylestown, in and for the said county of Bucks, on the Twelfth Day of November, A. D., 1888, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, then and there to accept or refuse the said real estate, and also to show cause why the same should not be sold by order of the Court.

By order of the Court,

JOSEPH R. COMLY,
High Sheriff of Bucks County.
B. F. GILKESON, att'y for Petioner.
SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Doylestown, Sept. 11, 1888.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of MARTHA KIRK, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks county.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

JAMES BUCKMAN, Executor,
S. E. cor. 8th & Green sts., Philadelphia.
or A. WEIR GILKESON, his att'y.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of WILLIAM DEMBY, late of Falls township, Bucks County, Pa., deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

THOMAS C. IVINS, Administrator,
or B. F. GILKESON, his att'y. Tullytown, Pa

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of ISAAC IVINS, late of Bristol borough Bucks county, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

SARAH A. IVINS, HORACE F. IVINS, } Executors.
or B. F. GILKESON, their att'y.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of JOSEPH A. MARTIN, late of Bristol borough, Bucks County, deceased.

LETTERS testamentary on above Estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same, without delay, to

CATHARINE H. MARTIN, Executrix.
Or B. F. GILKESON, her Attorney.

SAFE, SURE and SPEEDY CURE

RUPTURE, VARICOCELE and SPECIAL DISEASES of either sex. Why be humbugged by quacks, when you can find in Dr. Wright the only Regular Physician in Philadelphia who makes a specialty of the above disases and CURES THEM? CURES GUARANTEED. Advice free, day and evening. Strangers can be treated and return home same day. Offices private.

DR. W. H. WRIGHT,
241 North Ninth Street, Above Race
P. O. Box 673. Philadelphia

FRANK S. MOSS,
PRACTICAL - BLACKSMITH,

I defy competition so far as good work and low prices are concerned. Give me a trial and be convinced that I mean what I say. Horse Shoeing, Wagon Work and Machine Blacksmithing.

CANAL ST., bet. WASHINGTON & DORRANCE, BRISTOL, PA:

R. BUSEMAN,
BREAD AND FANCY CAKE BAKERY
AND ICE CREAM SALOON,
Bath and Otter Streets, Bristol.
Weddings and Parties Supplied at Short Notice.

Philadelphia Cash Grocery
AND CHICAGO BEEF MARKET,
Radcliffe & Market Sts., Bath & Buckley Sts., Bristol, and Second & Furman Sts., Trenton.
THREE STORES!
Immense quantities of goods bought for low prices, for cash, and will be sold at correspondingly low rates.
Rib Roast, 12c. lb. Round Steak, 2 lb. for 25c. Mutton Chops, 14c. lb. Stewing Meat, 6, 8, 10c. Gilbert's Sausage and Scrapple.

READ THIS!

Upper Lehigh
—AND—
Lattimer
COAL
Of all sizes and best qualities.

Now is the Time to Buy your Winter Coal.

Dry Kindling Wood,
HARD AND SOFT.
$2.00 Cart-load.
C. W. PEIRCE,
Cor. Washington and Canal streets,
BRISTOL, PA.,
Near the Rolling Mill.

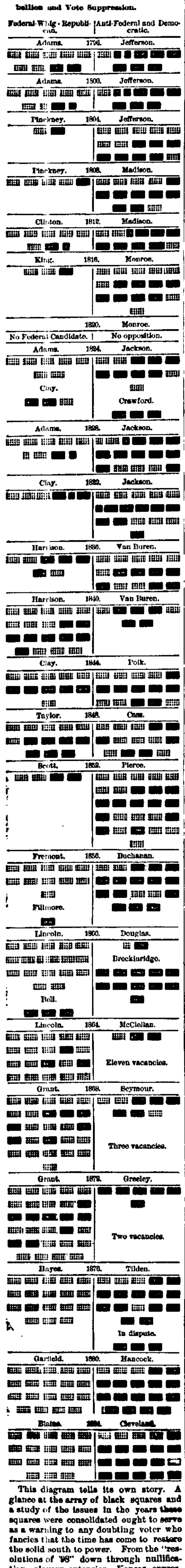
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

THE SOLID SOUTH.

Its History, Its Persistent Aims and Its Woful Results.

WAIT TILL IT REFORMS!

A Black Record—Why the Slave States Tended Steadily Towards Solidity—No Law Could Make Them Equal to the Free States—State Sovereignty, Slavery, Free Trade, Nullification, Secession, Rebellion and Vote Suppression.



This diagram tells its own story. A glance at the array of black squares and a study of the issues in the years these squares were consolidated ought to serve as a warning to any doubting voter who fancies that the time has come to restore the solid south to power. From the "resolutions of '98" down through nullification, slavery extension, Kansas oppression, secession, war and suppression of the negro vote, whenever there was a question deeply affecting the rights of man or the honor and dignity of the nation, the southern states were found almost solidly on one side, and that invariably the wrong side.

In vain did compromising politicians seek for some issue that would divide parties across this fatal line. At times it appeared as if they had succeeded. At one time the tariff question, at another the development of our internal resources and at still another the establishment of a sound currency caused a division; patriotism and common business sense triumphed over prejudice and sectionalism, and for that time the division between the parties was not on the sectional line. But no sooner did the wise protective measures of Adams and Clay, or the improved currency of the nationalists, or the restored prosperity under the tariff of 1842 demonstrate that freedom gained more by good government than by slavery. Then the angered plantation lords again consolidated their power and throwing their whole weight one way, while the north was divided, reversed the government policy. John C. Calhoun, who began his political career as an avowed nationalist and protectionist, changed front in a day, as it were, and devoted his talents to the creation of a purely southern party.

Observe, however, that there always were a few "white states" on the border, states where slaves were few and the sentiment of freedom strong; in them were many national men, and these occasionally held sway in their states. Delaware, for instance, gave a unanimous vote for the national constitution, and remained persistently national till after the war. North Carolina was also able to "think continentally," as Hamilton expressed it, and did not yield till surrounded by secession states. Other states occasionally revolted against dictation; but as a rule the line of slavery's extension was and is in the line of vigorous opposition to almost every policy that has made America strong and great.

Observe how uniform this opposition has been and how foolish are some of its manifestations. Free common schools were supposed to be a New England institution, so the south refused for forty years to encourage them. New England inclined to naval enterprise and foreign trade, so the first southern administrations were hostile to a navy, but at a later day their party claimed to have always been its special champions. New England, led by Webster, opposed the first protective tariff, as her money was invested in shipping; so the Loundes-Calhoun tariff was supported by the south. New England readily adapted herself to the change and soon rejoiced in it; then the Calhounites demanded the overthrow of the tariff. The real trouble was, though politicians before Lincoln and Seward were afraid to declare it, that there was a natural antagonism between slavery and freedom, and no wisdom of man could devise laws or systems which would bring equal prosperity to both.

Verily the southern destructives had their reward. While cites grow and furnaces roared and spindles hummed north of the Potomac, south of it there was either slow progress or complete stagnation. They saw it, and hated while they saw, and devised new measures and demanded more territory, and thus completed the consolidation of their section. Contrast the two policies. In the states shown in the diagram by white squares there was a prosperity steadily increasing till it surpassed all that the world had ever seen; on the other side there was denunciation, unreasonable complaints and demands, nullification, exclusion of northern papers from the mails, secession and finally war. With emancipation there should have been a change of policies, but habits of mind often prevail over self interest, and most of the southern states are still dominated by the plantation lords.

A change is in progress. The south is now in a transition state. There are centers of manufacturing and mental activity where the national idea prevails over the Confederate. And when such centers of thought become dominant in a majority of the states, this issue will cease to be important. Then, and not till then, it may be wise to put the south in control. But then it will be impossible; for there will be no solid south. For the present, young voters, proud of your citizenship, look at the facts. Shall the old anti-national, anti-liberal plantation idea dominate? That is all there is in it. Unhappily our allies in the south are now out of the count. See to it that the solid south does not profit by suppressing them.

In the diagram the southern states are represented by black parallelograms, the northern by white. Where the vote of a state was divided, the fact is shown by making it a square. The states are ranged in the order of their admission to the Union (after the original thirteen) without massing either the black or the white together.

The Funeral Will Take Place Nov. 6.

The advance in the price of wool within the past month seems to make the Democrats believe that the country favors free wool. This shows that the Democrats do not understand the situation. The advance simply means that the country knows that the Mills bill putting wool on the free list is dead, and that the party which proposed the bill is to share its fate.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

He'll Be Posted on That Subject.

That festive Democrat, Sunset Cox, once wrote a book, "Why We Laugh." He will have a good chance this autumn to put together a sequel, "Why We Don't Laugh."—New York Press.

THREE ENGLISH DIALECTS.

What Might Have Been—Influences Which Modify Our Language.

In a recently published work, Rev. Dr. Skeato, author of the only etymological dictionary of the English language that has any permanent scientific value, declares that the whole character of the language now spoken in England and North America might have been changed if London had been founded north instead of south of the Thames.

The statement will not seem so strange when we recall the fact that London was the center of "literary English" during the formative period of what may be called the modern language. Before the beginning of that period, the dialects spoken north of the Thames, and now divided by students of English into "Northern" and "Midland," differed widely from the dialect of southern England—a dialect which became "literary English" even before King Alfred's time. It is now generally known as "Anglo-Saxon," and with the exception of a few fragments, glosses and inscriptions, the entire remains of English literature up to the time of the Norman conquest are written in it.

These three dialects of spoken English have been greatly multiplied since the English stock has been scattered over the world, and in spite of printing and rules of pronunciation this multiplication must go on. The laws of languages, so far as they have been observed, seem to make it impossible that the same language should be spoken in our territory of Alaska and in the English provinces of Australia. From Alaska to the tropics, from the tropics to the South Pole, written English is the same language, but the real language is the spoken sound, not the written symbol. Subjected to different influences of locality and climate, the language adapts itself to them. The same written English word will convey the idea to the brain of the Englishman in Calcutta that it does to the American in Sitka, but if our colony in Sitka becomes a permanent American settlement, and Calcutta remains under English control long enough to develop an English stock native to India through a dozen generations, the written symbol will stand for widely different sounds. This is a probability so strong that it may almost be stated without qualification.

The difference between the language as it is pronounced by educated men in London, New York and New Orleans is already so plain as to enable the Londoner, the New Yorker and the native of New Orleans to detect each other at once—something that could not be prevented by any amount of study they might mutually devote to the same dictionary rules.—St. Louis Republic.

THEN, INDEED, HE WILL SEE.

"Keely Motor" Cleveland (to workingman)—The motor works beautifully, my friend. It's going to be a perfect blessing to you. But I can't let you into the secret of the blessing and the beautifulness just yet. Wait until after election! Then you'll see how my motor works.—Time.

FREE, TRADE, PARTY — FALLEN, TOTALLY PULVERIZED.

A BIT OF FUTURE HISTORY.

In the White House reservation known as Washton, D. C.,
Roamed a very famous scientist, fond of geologee,
And one day, as he was chipping through the strata of the rocks
That surround the reservation, with a few well chosen knocks,

He detached an unique specimen that bore a fossil face,
And with his various lenses its age he tried to place;
Then hied him home and took a book from out his learned store,
And traced its characteristics back till he could trace no more.

And then within his cabinet his relic rare he laid,
And on its skull he gummed a slip, and this inscription made:
"This was in ages so remote its vestiges are few,
The very last live leader of a tribe the ancients knew.

"That called themselves 'The Democrats;' their roar was 'Kill protection;'
But they vanished 1888, in mists of thick dejection.
This creature's boldest boast was, 'Weight of pedigree I've none,'
But he was loaded down with veto bills so that he couldn't run;

"And attempting a free trade with them, and all United States,
He died of suffocation, as was ordered by the fates.
Then at his bier, dissolved in tears, his party was soluted
Into a mixture that was mixed till quite too much diluted.

"For the man whose genial snuff box, they supposed, held all together,
By the bonds of common sneezing, left it out in stormy weather,
Along with his bandanna, and the havoc that was played
With his treasures broke his Roman heart, so he was useless made.

"'Twas found, after the funeral, that the ground was scattered o'er
With fragments quite promiscuous, dyed in each other's gore;
And the cheek of the whole party had soaked through into the grave
Of the leader that was buried this one fossil freak to save."
—Aristine Anderson in Judge.

The Quicker the Better.

Cleveland has bought Detroit's base-ball franchise. Like the individual of the same name, Cleveland is apparently anxious to cut loose from the American association.—New York Press.

You Bet.

We hear less about his grandfather's hat. Evidently the fall style of head covering adopted by Maine and Vermont is going to be quite popular.—Judge.

HARRISON, HOME, HONEST, HEAVY.
MORTON, MARKETS, MEN, MAJORITIES.
—Ohio State Journal.

SIGNATURE AND SPACE.

Shall the Newspaper Article Be Signed? Effects of the Space System.

Space writing makes newspaper work a vast gamble; there is always the alluring vision of a "big story" to-morrow, which justifies the extravagant expenditure of today. There is nothing more calculated to demoralize a man than a constantly varying income. It is all very well for moralists to claim that the worker should calculate upon the minimum, it is not in human nature to do so. The cases where a space worker manages to save any money are very rare, while the salaried man, whose weekly pay may not be so large as the average of the space worker, in nine cases out of ten has a snug bank account. Besides demoralizing the men, the space system directly injures the papers themselves. A salaried man has very little temptation to enlarge upon the facts, his effort is not to make a long story in order to lengthen his string, but only to make a good one, that he may strengthen his hold upon the paper. The salaried man is rarely a "fakir," the space worker has every temptation to be. Of the padded stories and sloppy writing which the space system encourages, there is no need to speak; we have to suffer more and more from it every day.

The vast injustice of the space system is that it makes no distinction as to quality, but only regards quantity. One result is that every live newspaper has each day prepared as much again copy as can be used, and in every office one or more men are employed for the sole purpose of destroying the labor of other men. For obvious reasons it is almost impossible for a man in the office to understand thoroughly every story which passes under his blue pencil, and as a natural result "copy chopping" is rarely done very judiciously. Again, there is very little inducement for a man to make a story good, unless at the same time he can make it long. A column is a column whether it be brilliant or dull.

If, as many editors claim, it is impracticable to do away with the space system, signature could be brought in with good effect to modify it and lessen its injustice. If the copy reader was empowered to attach the signature of the writer to a meritorious article, it would furnish an inducement for better writing and more accurate work. It would enable a conscientious man to build up a reputation for himself outside of the paper on which he is employed. It would be, at least, a recognition of good work. There are very few men who would be willing to see their signatures [appended to statements which they know to be false or to writing which they know to be sloppy. The benefit would be mutual to the paper and the writer. —The Journalist.

Howard on the Whipping Post.

We need a different grade of penalty. We need something that shall appeal to the nature of the criminal. A man beats his wife or his mistress, whales her until it would seem as though life itself must leave its frail tenement. He is arrested and given six months on the island. I insist that not only is the victim uncompensated, but the criminal is in no sense punished. An eye for an eye, a lash for a lash, would seem to be nearer equity than the present incomplete sequence. The whipping post is regarded as a relic of barbarism, and when some years ago its use was discontinued in Delaware, I remember all the northern journals made much of the fact—congratulated the state upon its approach to more complete civilization.

Now, I believe that the use of the lash on beasts of burden is at times necessary. Brute force is often an essential. There is but one way of managing a bull dog. There is but one mode of dealing with wild beasts. Experts tell me that an attempt to control a company of elephants without the prod would be a supreme folly. The elephant is cunning. The elephant is cruel. The elephant is long suffering. He waits for his opportunity, and then in a twinkling of an eye his docility disappears, and his marvelous strength, intelligently directed by an extraordinary degree of cunning, is utilized to uproot, to pull down, to sweep into destruction everything and everybody that has ever stood in his way or afforded him the faintest excuse for so doing. Beast tamers tell me that nothing under heavens keeps the lion, the tiger, in his place, crouching with fear, except a firm faith they have in the superior physical strength of their master. The red hot iron, the knotted lash, the lancet shaped prod, starvation, red hot coals of unquestioned fire, these are the elements with which to control four legged brutes, and when man, made in the image of his Creator, puts his moral nature on all fours, approaching the very beasts in their brutishness, he invites, it seems to me, the lash, the red hot iron and such physical torment as will convince him of the physical strength of of his master, the community.

Do I advocate the lash? For men who use the lash, I do.

Do I advocate physical torture? For men who use physical torture, I do.

We hang men who kill; why not flog men who whip?—Joe Howard in Boston Globe.

Care of the Eyes.

The Turks regularly cut open the outer corner of the eyelids, if the eyes of a girl are not large enough for their ideas of beauty, and inferior eyes can be gradually enlarged by gently drawing the lids apart, day after day, and bathing them in cool soft water. The stronger the eye the larger it will seem, for the first instinct of weak eyes is to contract and span themselves from light. Americans ruin their eyes with too much newspaper reading. The enormous tax of going over twenty columns of close print daily, besides office work, is more than human organs can bear. One uses his eyes more in this way in a month than our forefathers did in a year's study over black letter folios. Indeed the relief of reading such huge volumes in block print as "Miller's Dictionary of Plants," for instance, is so apparent to overworked modern eyes that one wishes only one book in twenty were printed, and that in large pica.

Worn type, poor impressions and crowded pages with fine type exhaust our eyesight, from the school book to the cheap novel and cheaper newspaper. Reading long lines on a wide page is trying to the sight, as there is a change of focus necessary in following the lines which is positively hurtful. So says B. Joy Jeffries, of the Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary, who first gave the warning that the eyes of school children were steadily injured by defective books, desks and lights. —Shirley Dare's Letter.

IN THE ETERNAL CITY.

A Disappointed Tourist in Rome—The Roman and the Greek.

It was not unlike a shock of pain or disappointment when for the first time I threaded my way through the Roman streets, passed out into the Forum and wandered around the Coliseum. So dingy and denuded did the relics of old Rome appear to me that they were more like the few brown bones which the spade of the sexton has just thrown up by the side of a reopened grave. I have never seen a place where the remains were so few and the suggestions of what was lost were so many. Rome looked like a place which first had been a cradle and afterwards had been turned into a grave.

It seemed as if everything had been born there, everything had grown old there, everything had died there, and everything had been buried there. Rome is the city of the Holy Sepulchre. At Jerusalem pilgrims visit the spot where Christ was once laid. At Rome we seem to visit the shrine where old Time himself had been buried. Under this head I may briefly note down a few first impressions.

It was said that Augustus found Rome of brick and left it of marble. It might be added that the Goths, the popes and the nobles found Rome of marble and left it of brick, so completely have these despoiling powers peeled off the beautiful white flesh and left Rome like a body, brown, shapeless and divested of every trace of her former loveliness. But the Romans themselves prepared the way for this desolation. Their parsimony brought its own punishment. For parsimony, we must remember, is a sin followed up by its special retribution, quite as much as prodigality. The men of Rome—hard, practical and utilitarian—were as penurious in all works of art as they were shamefully extravagant in all pursuits of physical enjoyment. Even in the use of the cheap travertine stone they were ridiculously stingy. But when it came to marble they were by necessity as well as by nature most economical in the use of it. Athens had a whole mount of marble at her back door, and could hew out of Pentelius all the shrines and statues she wanted. Rome had almost the same advantages; for it can hardly be urged as an apology for the city on the Tiber, that she was at a distance from the mountains of Luna and the great quarries of Carrara, when we remember that an easy waterway was ever open between the shores of Liguria and the foot of the Palatine; and when we remember, moreover, how no obstacles were allowed to remain between the Roman and the object of his ambition or his appetite—both of which he was ready to gratify at an unbounded price.

But when it comes to works of taste the Roman betrayed his true nature. With him nothing was too much when lavished on bodily gratification, nothing was too little when spent on art. The Athenian built his temples worthily of the gods in solid blocks of marble, in unmeasured splendor, giving to the deities what cost him something. The Roman, when he came to raise his temples, was content to make them of brick or stucco or cheap stone, and then to sheathe these in a thin casing of marble. When, therefore, the destroying hands of Goth or the Gothic hands of later Roman nobles, such as the Colonnas, the Farnese and the Borghese families, were laid upon the ancient edifices, it was an easy task, as well as a great temptation, to remove these light coats of marble and to invest their rising palaces with such apparel of many colors as the marbles of old Rome presented, ready made, to their rapacious hands. Had the men of Rome followed the example of the men of Athens, and dedicated to their divinities a few sanctuaries of solid marble, they would have left behind them such monuments as would have defied the assaults of later generations, and would have commanded at this day the wonder of the world. —H. Bernard Carpenter in Boston Globe.

The Journal of the Frontier.

In the early times, that is, half a century ago and more (for the magnificent empire beyond the Alleghany mountains is the child of but two generations), the west, especially on the frontier, was the Mecca of two classes of men from the older sections of the country—the great army of hardy pioneers, who sought homes for their families, and the few who, being "off color" in the east, found residence more convenient in newly settled towns, where the people were too busy to care as much for the antecedents as for the presents acts of their neighbors. Among the latter were many of the so called "characters" who, rather than the average, every day citizen, made for the west its popular reputation, but not its real character.

Many of these restless, erratic geniuses drifted into journalism, and the frontier newspapers they made, often written and printed under great difficulties, possessed the merit of having at least a positive and unmistakable individuality. They were crude in style and in moral tone as well as in mechanical construction, it is true, for the picket line of civilization is not generally in its surroundings and associations favorable to the attainment of literary excellence or nice ethical distictions, although some of the editors were men of good education; but the papers were made for a constituency that was as peculiar in its tastes as it was independent in its habits of thought, and cared less for the form than for the substance of what it read.

The frontier journal no longer exists, except at a few remote points in some of the territories to which the railroads have not as yet penetrated, but it has left its impress upon the character of its more mature and polished successors.—Z. L. White in Harper's Magazine.

This Is Frank at Any Rate.

Coming back to the fact of free trade it is undeniable that this is the ultimate policy of the Democratic party, and the Mills bill is only a step toward its consummation. And for that day we pray, God send it soon.—Memphis (Tenn.) Appeal.

A Voice from the Pacific Coast.

The Democratic press, in its eager desire to re-elect Cleveland, has basely deserted every Pacific coast industry.—San Francisco Chronicle.

CHANGE.

When first we parted,
The barren fields lay bare beneath the sun,
And crimson leaves dropped downward one by one:
The heart of nature bled, that now was done
Her labor sweet.
Her pulses beat
Slowly as tear drops fall from aged eyes,
For all the poor dead blossoms at her feet
No more would rise:
Yet gray clouds held for us a rosy dye:
Love smiled through pain on love in that good-by.

When next we met,
The summer fields were green with hope's warm tints,
The waves were shining with the golden dints
That sunbeams make, when on foam crests each glints
In showered gold:
And wide unrolled
The carpet, flower decked, by nature spread,
And silver arrows held with azure thread
Glanced o'er the sea:
But all was gray and cold, fair love was dead,
And spring a frozen waste to you and me.
—Ruth Ramay in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Girls and the Violin.

The world will hear something of woman in art before the Twentieth century comes in. I have been listening to a singular concert, improvised by the damsels who carried off the prizes for violin playing this autumn at the Conservatoire. There were eight of them. The flower of the flock was a chit of fifteen. Paganini never had a more accomplished disciple. She looks a mere gamin. All of them acquitted themselves brilliantly. Is it not curious that girls were so long in finding out how well the violin suits them? If they have talent and good figures, they are, as violinists, simply irresistible. The outline of the bust, when the fiddle is against the shoulder, is given its fullest value; the forearm emerges from a nest of lace, the head gracefully bends down towards the instrument, and, if the frock is not very long, the feet, which of course are in neat shoes and stockings, are well in view. The drawbacks are that the violin wants an accompaniment and that girlish beauty is fleeting. Very ripe beauty does not go so well with the instrument. But skill and soul in the playing will make amends.—English Journalist.

Exactness in Commercial Statistics.

Nowhere in the world, I suppose, are commercial statistics kept so closely as they are by what you people call the French steamship line—the "Compagnie Generale Transatlantique." Every time the screw turns round between Havre and New York it is recorded, every ton of coal burned, every day's work of every man, every expense of the passenger service, every detail of the freight—all are known down to the nicest certainty in the general office of the company. So there I have been shown the measure exhibiting how far one turn of the screw will push forward the Champagne on her way across the sea, and next it on a platter the exact amount of coal which must be burned in order to turn the propeller around once. It has been calculated how much each kilometer of ocean travel ought to cost and what it ought to produce. Indeed, there is nothing, down to the amount of rope and painting and tar, which the company cannot calculate to the utmost nicety in its office—and the law of averages always brings their calculations out correct.—Chicago News.

The Curious Manistee Fish.

The manistee is a fish of the size of the sturgeon, found only in the Manistee river, in Florida. It is sightless, but acute of hearing, so that it can discern the approach of an enemy at a distance of a mile or more and seek safety in the reeds or shoals along the banks. It is speared by the negroes, by whom it is highly prized as food, and occasionally is to be found in the markets of New Orleans and Mobile, but is seldom found in this locality. The flesh is coarse and much resembles beef, though retaining the fishy flavor. Scientists have never been able to discover the origin of the fish, but incline to the belief that it rises from some subterranean stream or lake and has increased and multiplied in the Manistee river, but, owing to its lack of sight, it has not been able to make its way into other bodies of water, where it might be propagated.—Chicago Journal.

The Horseshoe Superstition.

The American Notes and Queries has a long paper in its last issue which discusses the superstition of the horseshoe. It says: "The belief in the horseshoe attained its greatest diffusion at the end of the last century and the beginning of this. Aubrey, in his 'Miscellanies,' tells us that in his time most houses in the west end of London had a horseshoe nailed over the threshold. In 1813 Sir Henry Ellis counted seventeen horseshoes in Monmouth street, but in 1841 only five or six remained. Lord Nelson nailed a horseshoe to the mast of the Victory, and 'Lucky Dr. James' attributed the success of his fever powders to the finding of a horseshoe, which symbol he adopted as a crest for his carriage."—The Epoch.

He Saw by the Papers.

"I see by the papers," said Momus to Sauber, "that your daughter is not prepared to received her gentlemen friends this evening?"

"By the papers?" howled Sauber. "What right have the papers to"——

"I mean the curl papers," hastily exclaimed Momus, inclining his head toward a young lady whose front hair was twisted up in numerous small pieces of paper. And as Momus was married, and an old friend of the family, he was not ejected.—Norristown Herald.

The Way to Be Happy.

There was a married man and his wife was the head of the household. He had a friend who was in the same case, only his friend was apparently happy and comfortable, while he was just the reverse. He had long studied this peculiar difference between them, and he finally mustered up courage to go to his friend and ask him. "What is the way to be happy," he asked, "when you are under a woman's thumb?" "Don't squirm."—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Fascinating Serpent Girl.

The latest frivol is to fairly wallow, not in gore, but in lace. You must be frilled with it. You must wear a gown of it; you must have a hat of it, but above everything else you must have a long boa of it wound round about your neck. A smart Washington girl has read up every line of Swinburne that she could possibly find about snake women and all those cold and delightfully fascinating people, and then she talks about her own self —her very self—with her warm, brown hair, her greenish blue eyes, her dead white skin, and her lips as red as sealing wax, as being an absolute descendant from Lilith, that first wife of Adam, and going in again for the sinuosity business. It is rather odd, but every time that Sara Bernhardt has a reconciliation with her husband, all the women begin to pose as serpents again, because, of course, she is the great original one. The serpent girl in Washington is sparing of the truth. She realizes its value and is economical.—New York Cor. Pioneer Press.

Why Not Be Honest?

We have raw cotton free, and yet we cannot export cotton goods in large quantities and compete with Europe in the world's markets. The only way in which this country can ever compete with England, France and Germany abroad is by lowering wages. Sensible free traders know this, but they are neither honest nor courageous enough to acknowledge it.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Perhaps There Is a Split, Perhaps There Is.

Mayor Hewitt, of New York, one of the Democratic candidates for the office he now occupies, gives it out cold and flat that he will not vote for Cleveland, and doesn't care who knows it. There seems to be a Kilkenny cat enthusiasm and activity about Democratic politics in New York city and state.—Cleveland Leader.

His Waterloo Is Coming.

A Washington dispatch to The New York Herald says that Mr. Cleveland regards himself as the man of destiny and believes that he will surely be re-elected. The President evidently forgets that the greatest man who ever called himself the man of destiny carried the thing too far on the field of Waterloo.—Philadelphia Press.

Miscellaneous

CASTORIA

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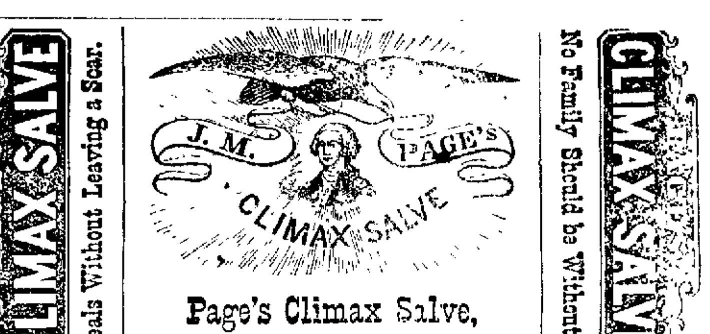

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Established by one of our most eminent physicians and recommended by the medical profession and druggists who know their real merit, and are used with more pleasing results than any other medicine.

Moffat's Life Pills are purely vegetable. They act on the stomach, bowels, liver and kidneys, purify and regulate the whole system, and are warranted a certain cure for all Malarious Diseases, Torpid Liver, Impure Blood, Jaundice, Bilious Complaints, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Costiveness, Nervous and Sick Headache, Neuralgia and Nervous Diseases, Female obstructions and General weakness, Scurvy, Inflammatory Rheumatism, Piles of every kind, Gravel and Diseases of the Bladder and Kidneys, Colds and Fever and Ague.

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No. 717.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.

At Bristol, in the State of Penna., at the close of business, October 4th, 1888.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts	$402,951 67
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	40,000 00
Other stocks, bonds, and mortgages	73,704 44
Due from approved reserve agents	48,196 95
Due from other National Banks	1,941 19
Real estate, furniture, and fixtures	9,500 00
Current expenses and taxes paid	2,857 76
Checks and other cash items	3,860 94
Bills of other Banks	1,819 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels, and pennies	10 70
Specie	13,763 00
Legal tender notes	15,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, (5 per cent. of circulation)	1,800 00
TOTAL	$615,385 65
LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in	$ 92,220 00
Surplus fund	92,220 00
Undivided profits	17,036 37
National Bank notes outstanding	35,000 00
Dividends unpaid	672 00
Individual deposits subject to check	370,349 56
Due to other National Banks	16,006 02
Due to State Banks and bankers	1,821 70
TOTAL	$615,385 65

State of Penna., County of Bucks, ss

I, Charles E. Scott, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly affirm that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.

Subscribed and affirmed to before me this 6th day of October, 1888.

W. H. H. FINE, Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest:
L. A. HOGUET,
JOHN BURTON,
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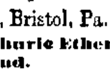
ORDERS LEFT AT THE "GAZETTE" OFFICE WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

Dr. Adams, Dentist,



No. 3 Mulberry Street, Bristol, Pa.

Nitrous Oxide and Sulphuric Ether Always on Hand.

FILLING A SPECIALTY.

Out of office on Second Day (Monday.)

DR. THEEL

538 North Fourth Street bel. Green, Philadelphia. Guarantees to cure you more quickly, safely and permanently than any advertising physician. **All Special Diseases, Blood Poison,** Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Pimples, Ulcers, Melancholy, Loss of Memory, etc. Acute cases 4-10 days. Relief at once. Send for book Truth, exposing frauds. Hours, 9-3, 6-9. Wed. & Sat. Ev'gs, till 10. Sun. till 1. European Hospital Experience.

WARNING TO ALL SUFFERERS. Before placing yourself under any one's treatment write to me for the exposure of quarks, unscrupulous Physicians, and those pretending to being specialists; it will be more than wealth to you.

AGENTS WANTED

To canvass for one of the **largest, oldest established, BEST KNOWN NURSERIES** in the country. Most liberal terms. Unequaled facilities. **GENEVA NURSERY,** Established 1846.

W. & T. SMITH, Geneva, N. Y

Sherman & Peirce,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, &c.

Specialties made of

HOT-BED SASH, BERRY BOXES AND ENGRAVING BOARDS.

Dorrance Street, near Railroad

JOS. SHERMAN. WM. C. PEIRCE

NOTICE.

THE MEMBERS OF THE

Independent Mutual Fire Insurance COMPANY,

Are hereby notified to pay EDWARD THOMAS, Treasurer, Torresdale, Philadelphia, Pa., within sixty days from date of this notice, sixteen cents on each $100 insurance by them respectively, to meet the liabilities of the company.

The Treasurer will sit at the following places to receive the tax:

Mon. Oct. 15, Silbert's Hotel, Bristol, 9 to 3.
Tues. Oct. 16, Johnson's Hotel, Holmesburg, 9 to 3.
Wed. Oct. 17, Tacony, 9 to 12.
Wed. Oct. 17, Heltner's Hotel, Bridesburg, 2 to 4.
Thur. Oct. 18, Seven Stars Hotel, Frankford, 9 to 3.
Mon. Oct. 22, Standlford store, 9 to 12.
Mon. Oct. 22, Houpt's, Bustleton, 2 to 4.
Wed. Oct. 24, Upper Hotel, Fox Chase, 9 to 12.
Thur. Oct. 25, Clayton's Hotel, Branchtown, 9 to 12.
Thur. Oct. 25, Felton's store, Olney, 2 to 4.
Mon. Oct. 29, 141 Ash st., Bridesburg, 9 to 3.
Wed. Oct. 31, Clayton's Huntington Valley, 9 to 12.
Wed. Oct. 31, Hogelands Somerton, 9 to 3.
Thur. Nov. 1, Stout's, Holmesburg, 9 to 12
Mon. Nov. 5, Flynn's Hotel, Main above Green, Frankford, 9 to 3.
Wed. Nov. 7, Eddington store, 2 to 3.
Wed. Nov. 7, Red Lion Hotel, 3.30 to 5.

If not paid on or before Nov. 10, 1888, ten per cent. will be added and policy suspended until paid.

All notices by postal cards and handbills shall be considered only as an act of courtesy and shall not establish a precedent. The company does not hold itself responsible for the safe delivery of individual notices.

By order of the Board,
THOMAS SHALLCROSS, Secretary.
September 5, 1888.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

Miscellaneous

HEAR:

BEST MADE CLOTHING IN PHILADELPHIA FOR MEN, YOUTHS, BOYS AND CHILDREN.

A. C. Yates & Co.,

6th & Chestnut,
LEDGER BUILDING.

PRATT'S Aromatic Geneva Gin

CURES DISEASED KIDNEYS.

When it is taken into consideration that Gin is the only spirit possessing a medicinal quality other than a stimulant, a pure article is required.

PRATT'S Aromatic Geneva Gin

is a pure Geneva (Swiss) Gin, redistilled with selected buchu leaves, fresh Italian juniper berries, gentian root, &c. It will be found an invaluable remedy and certain cure for Bright's Disease, Stone in Bladder, and all inflammation of the Kidneys and Urinary Organs.

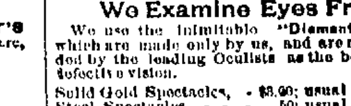
JAMES E. MORRIS, Sole Agent,
165 CHAMBERS ST., NEW YORK.

L. A. HOGUET, leading druggist and sole agent

SALESMEN

WANTED

to canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock! Steady employment guaranteed. SALARY AND EXPENSES PAID. Apply at once, stating age. Chase Brothers Company, (Refer to this paper.) ROCHESTER, N.Y.



Oculists' Orders Filled.

You think Your Eyes are Good.

If you have them examined you will probably find that there is something wrong with them, and that glasses will be a great help to you.

We Examine Eyes Free.

We use the inimitable "Diamante" lenses which are made only by us, and are recommended by the leading Oculists as the best aids to defective vision.

Solid Gold Spectacles,	$3.00;	usual price, $5.00
Steel Spectacles,	.50;	usual price, 1.00
Artificial Eyes inserted,	4.00;	usual price, 10.00

M. Zineman & Bro., Opticians

No. 130 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WATERS PIANOS.

Uprights a specialty.

IMPROVED NEW STYLES, 7⅓ OCTAVES, 3 STRINGED. VERY RICH, FULL TONE, WITH FINE SINGING QUALITY.

PRICES, $275 to $150, AND SOLD ON PAYMENTS OF ONLY $10 PER MONTH WHEN DESIRED.

ALSO, SECOND HAND PIANOS, OF DIFFERENT MAKERS, IN PERFECT ORDER. PRICES, $50 to $200, ON PAYMENTS OF ONLY $5 PER MONTH. PIANOS RENTED $5 PER MONTH, AND PART RENT ALLOWED TOWARD THE PURCHASE.

OLD PIANOS TAKEN IN PART PAYMENT FOR NEW ONES.

SEND POSTAL FOR CATALOGUE.

Horace Waters & Co.,

124 Fifth Av., near 18th St., N. Y.

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RESTAURANT & ICE CREAM SALOONS

For Ladies and Gentlemen.

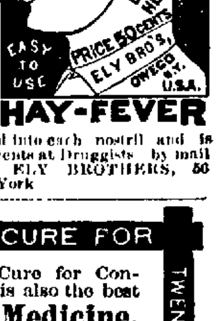
19 S. Eighth St. ab. Chestnut, Philadelphia.

Fine Meals at Reasonable Prices.

Ladies' Dining and Toilet Rooms, second floor. All information respecting trains, &c. No wines or liquors. GEO. W. JACKSON & SON.

ELY'S CREAM BALM.

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.



TRY THE CURE.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail registered, 60 cents. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is also the best **Cough Medicine.** If you have a Cough without disease of the Lungs, a few doses are all you need. But if you neglect this easy means of safety, the slight Cough may become a serious matter, and several bottles will be required.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

T. B. DOUGLASS,

No. 61 Mill Street, Bristol Pa.,

Has always on hand a large stock of first-class Stoves and Tinware.

Parlor Stoves, Double Heaters, Cook Stoves, Ranges, Portable Heaters, High Art Stoves, and Embossed Stove Boards, and Bread Boxes, Tin Pitchers, Paper Wash Basins, Galvanized Waiters, Argot Ware, Knives, Forks and Spoons.

Metaline Brilliant,

the best article in the world for cleaning nicke , brass, silver, &c.

Wash Boilers, Japan-ware, Milk Pans and other articles in the tin line.

Polite attention. No trouble to show goods.

TIN ROOFING A SPECIALTY

All orders by mail will receive promp attention.

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